This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

600055117P

6350

THE WISE MEN OF *GOSMANTHORPE.*

THE

WISE MEN

OF

GOSMANTHORPE.

A TALE.

Stultorum regum et populorum continet æstus.
Hor.

LONDON;
Printed
BY BUNNEY AND GOLD, SHOE-LANE.
FOR T. REYNOLDS, OXFORD-STREET.

1801.

249. S. 505.
514

THE

WISE MEN

OF

GOSMANTHORPE.

A TALE.

Stultorum regum et populorum continet æstus.

Hor.

LONDON;
Printed
BY BUNNEY AND GOLD, SHOE-LANE,
FOR T. REYNOLDS, OXFORD-STREET.

1801.

249. s. 505.
514

TO

THE READER.

GENTLE READER,

IN the following hiſtory, thou art not to expect ſoft tales of love, cruel diſdains, and amorous blandiſhments; nor wilt thou find thoſe ravelled plots, and intricate mazes, as bewitching as they are inextricable:

tricable: little need'ſt thou dread leſt terrific forms of ghoſts ſhould "harrow up thy ſoul," and "freeze thy young blood:" no death-cold hand will here arreſt thy ſteps, no lambent flame, will glide along theſe pages, but the torch of truth alone muſt light thee on thy darkſome paſſage. Here are no mountains piled on mountains, no foreſts blackened with eternal horrors: no wild effuſions of poetic frenzy will here break forth to ſtop thy plodding journey;

Nec

Nec fonte labra prolui Caballino:
Nec in bicipiti ſomniâſſe Parnaſſo
Memini:

ſafely may'ſt thou continue thy courſe, and if perchance a digreſſion ſhould now and then croſs thy road, conſider it only as a rivulet, where thou may'ſt quench thy thirſt, or dry-ſhod ſkip over it unheeded.

Here thou wilt indeed find matter of deep cogitation, and here may'ſt thou puzzle thyſelf in diſcovering meanings that were never meant.

meant. Yet if thou art one of the initiated, thou wilt not be at a loſs, by a due tranſpoſition of words and letters, to unravel the mighty myſteries herein contained. But enough: it is not now permitted me

Pandere res alta terra et caligine merſas.

Farewell!

PREFACE.

I HAVE often wondered that old and inveterate opinions, received for ages without heſitation, ſhould have been called in queſtion, of late years, merely becauſe they were never doubted before; and this is the more extraordinary, when the points in diſpute relate to matters of fact, as the exiſtence of towns long ſince dilapidated, which admits of no other proof than the teſtimony of writers, who lived near the time when they flouriſhed.

Thus it has lately been denied that there ever exiſted ſuch a place as Troy, and the ſubject has been debated with conſiderable vivacity on both ſides. But to come nearer to our own times; there are thoſe who doubt whether William the Conqueror deſtroyed any villages to plant his New Foreſt in Hampſhire; becauſe, ſay theſe ſceptics, he could never live to ſee his trees of ſufficient growth to be a covert for beaſts of chaſe. However, I have been happily enabled to aſcertain the truth of this fact by a very curious circumſtance, which happened to me laſt winter, as I was converſing with a friend upon this very ſubject.

It being my lot to inhabit an old manſion, which was formerly a religious houſe, during the above-mentioned converſation, as we were ſitting by the fire, not without ſome vehemence of argument on both ſides, we heard a pretty loud crack, immediately after which a part of the cieling fell into the room. This put an end to our altercation at the time, and, in the event, finally decided the controverſy in my favour; for upon ſending a workman, the next day, to explore the ruin, he diſcovered a little old box, much worm-eaten, and which he concluded, as he ſaid, to be full of money; but, with unuſual integrity, he delivered it to me

to examine. I confeſs I was ſomewhat mortified, when I firſt opened it (which I was obliged to do by breaking the lid), to find that it contained only ſome tattered papers; though I have now reaſon to ſuppoſe theſe muſty relicks will be eſteemed much more valuable by the learned world, than an equal bulk of ſilver.

I ſhould not indeed be ſurpriſed if they were to be ſuſpected by ſome as modern forgeries; I ſhall therefore requeſt the liberty of making a remark or two upon ſuſpicious paſſages, when they occur, and explaining away the objections which may ariſe from them; after having thus eſtabliſhed the internal

nal evidence, and given ſuch external teſtimony as would ſatisfy any reaſonable man, ſhould any one ſtill be ſo incredulous as to ſuſpect impoſition, I muſt conſign him, as incorrigible, to the ſociety of Father Hardouin, Naviget Anticyram.

The old worm-eaten box, which I have mentioned, contained a manuſcript roll, and ſome looſe papers, written by a Monk of the Houſe, of the name of Simon de Goſmanthorpe: from the little which theſe ſcattered papers diſcover of the life of our Hiſtorian, I am enabled to communicate the following particulars.

Simon de Goſmanthorpe was deſcended from a family which had long flouriſhed in Hampſhire. He was the third ſon of Adam de Goſmanthorpe, and named Simon after an uncle, who was an Eccleſiaſtic, and Confeſſor to Richard Earl of Cornwall, the brother of Henry the Third. When Richard was elected King of the Romans, this Simon accompanied him into Germany, and took with him our hero, at that time not more than fifteen years of age. In what capacity he went, or how long he continued there, theſe papers do not inform us; but he mentions that, in conſequence of his uncle's death, which happened ſhortly after his

arrival

arrival in Germany, he was reduced to ſome difficulties. At this time, however, he laid the foundation of that accurate knowledge of the German tongue, for which he became afterward celebrated by his contemporaries; but the taſte of the times not leading to the ſtudy of this beautiful and harmonious language, now ſo faſhionable, Simon reaped no other advantage from his acquirements, than that ſatisfaction which always accompanies great learning.

Notwithſtanding the Author's unwillingneſs to own it, he appears to have been ſo much diſtreſſed, after the death of his uncle, as to be driven, by

abſolute

abſolute poverty, to enter upon the Monaſtic life. The Superior of this Houſe being his particular friend, he lived for ſome years in tranquillity and contentment, employing his leiſure hours in compiling an impartial Hiſtory of the Priory, in Engliſh, from its foundation, in the reign of Henry the Second, to his own time. But his kind benefactor, the Prior, dying at this period, he experienced no inconſiderable vexation from his ſucceſſor, who being a man of little taſte, and much bigotry, expreſſed himſelf ſo diſſatisfied with ſome parts of the work, as to commit the whole to the flames, to the great mortification of the poor Monk,

Monk, and the irreparable loſs of the preſent generation.

Friar Simon, after recovering from the diſguſt which this ill-timed ſeverity of his Superior occaſioned, began an account of his own life; and, to prevent a ſimilar outrage, wrote it in Latin, a language with which the Prior was not much acquainted. By what cauſe this was deſtroyed I know not, but ſo little remains that I am enabled to compile a very meagre account of the good man's life.

The more compacted bundle which is here preſented to the public, was written in a language I did not underſtand, but have ſince diſcovered to be

the

CONTENTS.

Page.

SECT. I. *Introduction* - - - 1

SECT. II. *The History* - - 10

SECT. III. DIGRESSION I. *On the Size, Shapes, and Races of Men.* - - 28

SECT. IV. *The History continued* - 56

SECT. V. DIGRESSION II. *Of the Use and Antiquity of Pocket handkerchiefs* 80

SECT. VI. *The History continued* 103

SECT. VII. DIGRESSION III. *On the Nature and Effects of Flogging* - 124

SECT. VIII. *The History continued* 138

SECT. IX. DIGRESSION IV. *On the Origin, Decline, and Advantages of Bull-baiting* - - - - 169

SECT. X. *The History concluded* - 184

THE

THE WISE MEN OF *GOSMANTHORPE.*

SECT. I.

INTRODUCTION.

THE Hiſtorian begins with ſaying, that thoſe ſilly and worldly-minded men of Goſmanthorpe, whoſe tranſactions he is going to relate, acted in ſuch a manner as fully to juſtify the name of their village, which, he conceives, was given on account of the conduct of its inhabitants.

Not being myſelf ſufficiently ſkilled in etymology to develop the myſtery of this alluſion, and the good Monk affording no further aid, I applied to two friends, eminent for their philological knowledge, for the derivation of the name Goſmanthorpe. The one, a profound Grecian, informed me that the name was evidently derived from the two Greek words, κοσμυ ανθρωποι, men of the world, or, as the Hiſtorian calls them, worldly-minded men; that by omitting the terminations, a practice common with phyſicians in writing their preſcriptions, and very convenient to thoſe who are not always able to aſcertain with preciſion what they ſhould be, the word became *Koſmanthrop*; but the vulgar, being ever fond of change, as Salluſt has before obſerved, converted

throp

throp into *thorp*, as they now do *curds* into *cruds*, and thus the village obtained the name of *Kosmanthorp*, and by further corruption, *Gosmanthorpe*.

My other friend, who was as deeply read in Saxon lore, told me the etymology was very easy; that nothing was more common than to call a silly person a goose, that *goose-man* was therefore a foolish man, and *thorpe* being the Saxon word for village, *Goose-men-thorpe*, or *Gosmanthorpe*, by contraction and corruption, was the village of silly men, and was the derivation to which the author alluded.

Having thus settled these preliminaries, leaving with the reader to adopt which of these opinions he chooses, I proceed with my Historian to observe, that the most opulent and respectable

 inhabit-

inhabitants of this town were called John Blunt, and Richard Swagger, between whoſe families there had been for many years a kind of rivalry and enmity; that John was more warm and impetuous, Dick more ſly and cunning, not without a competent ſhare of vanity and boaſting; and that when they were upon the moſt friendly terms they were generally ſneering and ſcoffing at each other.

As moſt families have ſome little bickerings and heart-burnings, John Blunt was not without theſe petty vexations, and previous to the commencement of this hiſtory, he had ſettled his eldeſt ſon upon a very good farm in an adjoining pariſh, at a conſiderable diſtance from his own habitation. This ſon, while he lived in his father's houſe,

had given him frequent vexation, not being willing to make any allowances for the old gentleman's ways and cuſtoms, or prejudices and whims, as he affected to call them: Mr. Blunt was therefore very well pleaſed to eſtabliſh his ſon upon this farm, for the payment of a moderate quit rent. However, after this, John's family becoming more expenſive, and the neceſſaries of life much enhanced in price, on account of a great ſcarcity in the early part of Edward the Confeſſor's reign, the old gentleman applied to his ſon for a ſmall increaſe of rent. Ephraim (for ſo was the young man called) immediately fired at this demand, telling his father that if he were actually in diſtreſs, no perſon would be more ready to aſſiſt him than himſelf, but that he feared avarice, the

frequent concomitant of old age, was the cauſe of this extraordinary proceeding; however, if he really wanted money at this time, which he could ſcarcely believe, it muſt be owing to the knavery and profligacy of his ſervants, and that unleſs he turned them all away, he would not advance him a ſingle penny.

John was extremely nettled at this anſwer, and, as was his cuſtom, immediately aſſembled his domeſtics, deſiring them to conſider what ſhould be done in this emergency. The greater part of them, as might be expected, were more exaſperated, if poſſible, than their maſter, and adviſed him not to remit a tittle of his demands, but, if Ephraim refuſed to pay, to ſeize upon his ſheep, or

or oxen, or whatever ſtock he had, and indemnify himſelf.

Our Hiſtorian obſerves, that it being uſual in thoſe days for every man to do what was right in his own eyes, which was alſo too much the caſe in his own time, without conſulting their ſovereign liege Lord the King, or acting conformably to his laws, theſe diſſenſions were productive of much rapine and plunder, as alſo great loſſes and troubles to both parties, without any advantage to either: that theſe petty feuds were not indeed of ſuch magnitude, nor attended with ſuch important conſequences as the Barons' wars, though ſufficiently diſtreſſing to many of the honeſt and harmleſs people of the village, who would gladly have remained

quiet. After this obſervation he goes on to relate that Maſter Swagger, who always loved to ſow the ſeeds of diſſenſion in his neighbour Blunt's family, encouraged Ephraim to brave it out; beſide which he not only gave him all the aſſiſtance in his power, but perſuaded his chief friend and crony, Solomon Stately, together with his neighbour, Reginald Rueful, to follow his example.

By this acceſſion of ſtrength, Ephraim was able effectually to baffle all his father's ſchemes, who, in the end was glad to give up the farm to his ſon, in fee-ſimple, for the ſake of peace and quietneſs.

Ephraim having behaved in this whole tranſaction with great obſtinacy and

per-

perſeverance, was ever after called Ephraim Steady, by which appellation we ſhall henceforth diſtinguiſh him.

SECT. II.

IT was a current report at the time, obſerves the Hiſtorian, that the enmity between the two families of Swagger and Blunt was occaſioned by the rivalſhip that ſubſiſted between the ladies in their younger days; each of them ſtriving for the hand of Mr. Swagger, who was then a flaſhy young man, and had beſide a much larger fortune than his neighbour Blunt, who, though not very rich, was reckoned ſufficiently proud, and not much given to compliment, as his name imports; for this reaſon the ladies both ſet their hearts on Mr. Swagger, though they would either of them rather have

taken up with Mr. Blunt, than have gone without a huſband. Mrs. Blunt was at one time thought to have the advantage, and they ſay the wedding-day was actually fixed upon between her and Swagger; but how fickle is Fortune! Mrs. Swagger found means to re-eſtabliſh her intereſt ſo entirely with her lover, that he ſhortly after married her, and Mrs. Blunt was in the end obliged to content herſelf with her old ſweetheart.

This circumſtance laid the foundation for a little jealouſy between the two ladies, though they frequently behaved with outward civility and conſtrained ceremony, while envy rankled in the breaſt of each, during the remainder of their lives. It was ſuppoſed therefore, not without reaſon,

that Mrs. Swagger ſpirited up her huſband to ſupport Ephraim againſt his father; though in the end ſhe became the victim of her own folly; for Ephraim, being a ſingle man, uſed to laugh a good deal at his ſupporter, Swagger, for being ſo much hen-pecked, as he called it, by his wife. It is very true ſhe had been ſomewhat of a termagant, and uſed to call her huſband to a ſtrict account for any irregularities he chanced to commit, and would talk roundly enough to him upon very trivial occaſions. Dick, therefore, by his friend Ephraim's advice, would ſometimes anſwer her rather tartly, and living pretty much in the uncontrouled liberty of a bachelor's houſe, would not bear thoſe wholeſome corrections which

his

his wife uſed formerly to inflict upon him.

It was now Mrs. Blunt's turn to exult; but ſhe, good woman, would not blow up the coals of enmity between man and wife, of whoſe diſſenſions ſhe had an horrible dread, having herſelf ſmarted very ſeverely in theſe conteſts. Indeed poor Mrs. Swagger, who had before been the terror and hatred of half the village, began now to be ſeriouſly pitied by all parties. It was obſerved that her temper, of late years, had been much ſweetened, and that her huſband had in the ſame proportion grown peeviſh and moroſe. Nothing that his wife did could pleaſe him: if ſhe provided for the houſe handſomely, ſhe wanted to ruin him; if the table was frugally ſpread, ſhe wanted to

ſtarve

ſtarve him; in ſhort, the poor woman could do nothing right; and Dick had even contrived to get all his children and ſervants to his party, by perſuading them, whenever they ſuffered, or fancied they ſuffered any hardſhip, that it was all his wife's fault. Mrs. Swagger, therefore, willing to ſacrifice every thing for peace and quietneſs, gave up the whole management of the houſe to her huſband. This pleaſed Dick mightily; he inſtantly went poking into every hole and corner, from the garret to the cellar, in expectation of finding money, ſo perſuaded was he that his wife had hidden vaſt ſums to ſupply her own private extravagance; though in fact he had ſpent it himſelf in his diſpute with John Blunt, upon Ephraim's account.

The

The arrival of the Normans, ſays the Author, was productive, among other evils, of great luxury and profligacy of manners, the influence of which extended even to the inhabitants of this village, ſo that money became the grand object of every man, from the Prince to the peaſant.

But the main ſource of all the confuſions that followed, appears to have been a fever at that time epidemic, and which raged in the pariſh of Goſmanthorpe with uncontrouled fury.

Mr. Swagger was attacked with ſuch violence that his life was deſpaired of; he recovered however, but the diſtemper having ſettled on the brain, his head continued ſadly diſordered for ſome years.

John

John Blunt had himſelf a ſlight paroxyſm, but, by the bleſſing of a good conſtitution, ſuffered no material injury; yet it left him, as might be expected, rather weaker, and he was thought to be more wayward and tetchy than before.

Our good Friar thinks it neceſſary to make theſe remarks, as they will tend to explain many ſubſequent events in this hiſtory, and to account for ſome otherwiſe inexplicable follies of all parties.

John Blunt, he obſerves, had a very curious circular apartment in his houſe, with thick maſſy walls, and a vaulted roof of ſtone; the pavement was teſſellated, radiating from a centre, and divided into twelve compartments. This room was much admired by all con-

connoiſſeurs as ſingular in its kind, being both the oldeſt, ſtrongeſt, and moſt ornamental part of the edifice. Mr. Blunt always regarded it with wonderful complacency; but judging it the ſecureſt place wherein to depoſit his money, he began to tamper with it, and without deſtroying the fabric, looſened the pavement, to make a vault under it for his ſtrong box. Thus the ſtones, being removed when his occaſions for money required, did not fit ſo tight as at the firſt, but the edges became a little chipped, and the joints not ſo compact as formerly.

Before this new ſcheme, the rents uſed to be left in the tenants' hands, and to be called for occaſionally, when they were wanted; but now not a ſingle penny was ſuffered to remain in arrear,

but

but every payment was required with the greateſt exactneſs.

Our charitable Hiſtorian gives vent to his compaſſionate feelings on this head in ſome very pathetic exhortations, and then proceeds in his narrative to inform us that Mr. Swagger, not finding any money in the cloſets and cupboards, very modeſtly requeſted his wife would be ſo kind as to let him take down the wainſcot of her dreſſing-room; after which he proceeded to rip up the floor, and tear down the cieling. Nor was he in this ſcrutiny more ſucceſsful; he there diſcovered not hidden treaſure, as he expected, but that the walls were apparently decayed, the timbers rotten, and the whole fabric in danger of tumbling in pieces. Upon this emergency he conſulted with his wife; in other words,

words, he loaded her with reproaches for her neglect of his houſe, though every one in the pariſh knew the plight it was in before ſhe came to it. After venting his ſpleen upon his wife, Dick proceeded to talk with his ſteward, his maſon, his carpenter, and other workmen; theſe fellows, fond of the job, examined the fabric, pronounced it to be incapable of repair, and that it muſt be taken down immediately, or it would fall of itſelf.

While he was intent upon this ſcheme Mr. Blunt paſſed by, who, though not always ſo free in giving his opinion to his neighbours, on this occaſion could not help exclaiming—"Ah! Maſter Swagger, take care what you do, or you'll have that old houſe of your's about your ears; and you might make

it

it the beſt place in the pariſh, except mine."

"Neighbour Blunt," replied Dick, "I would have it the very beſt, without excepting your's; and therefore I ſhall pull it quite down, and build it up afreſh. I ſhall borrow a few hints from your old houſe; but I know you labour under many inconveniences. Your rooms to be ſure are pretty good, but then you have ſeveral awkward winding paſſages to go through to get to them; beſides, I underſtand your foundation is naught; and my workmen tell me that your timbers are all rotten, your roof ready to fall in, and that your houſe cannot poſſibly ſtand many years."

"Z——ds neighbour!" replied John, "your workmen are a pack of knaves; there is not a ſtronger and better-built

houſe

houſe in the country. As to there being no foundation, my anceſtors built it originally upon a natural rock; and let me tell you, friend, your foundations too are upon a ſimilar bottom. My timbers, good Mr. Swagger, you muſt remember, were thoroughly examined and repaired a few years ago, when ſome of my workmen would have perſuaded me to demoliſh the preſent venerable pile, and erect a ſpruce modern houſe in its place; but I would not liſten to them. I examined with my own eyes, ſaw the timbers were ſound, but a little warped, and that the walls had ſwerved ſomewhat from the perpendicular; but theſe defects I remedied by croſs pieces and braces, and further ſupported the walls by thoſe buttreſſes, which are ſo much admired by ſtrangers,

though

though you, having them always before your eyes, have not noticed their lightneſs, elegance, and beauty."

"Well, well," replied Dick, "don't ruffle yourſelf, neighbour; let every man enjoy his own opinion. You are well ſatisfied with your gloomy manſion, but pray don't inſiſt upon my living in a ſimilar one; the old materials will go a great way in erecting a building much more convenient and magnificent than your's, where I ſhall not bury ſuch quantities of ſtone in uſeleſs buttreſſes and dark paſſages. And, good neighbour, endeavour to repreſs your ſpleen, for I know you are eaten up with envy, if you fancy any body has a better houſe than yourſelf."

"Aye, aye," ſaid John, "I ſhall have no reaſon to envy you, if you pull down

down your houſe; remember, I tell you you'll repent it, and ſo good morrow to you."

After this converſation, Dick was more determined than ever to demoliſh his old houſe, and therefore, the next morning, he gave orders to his workmen to pull it down, without having fixed upon any plan for his new building. He removed with his wife into an old barn, which he ſaid would ſerve very well for a temporary reſidence during the ſummer; and placed his children and ſervants in hay-lofts, dog-kennels, and other out-houſes of that kind.

The labourers had no great trouble in accompliſhing their work of demolition; for the building had ſo long wanted repair, and was ſo much out of

the

the perpendicular, that it fell by its own weight when the beams and rafters were removed.

Dick's principal trouble was now to come, for the grand queſtion was, what plan to follow in his new edifice? He had many ſchemes in his head, ſeveral of which he put upon paper, but there was ſome defect in all of them: one was too like his old houſe, and Dick loved variety; another too much reſembled neighbour Blunt's, and Dick loved ſingularity; a third had his wife's apartment too airy and large, which Dick thought would make her proud. He therefore took his rule and compaſſes, and drawing a large ſquare, ſaid he would have the outward walls built in that manner, and then he could divide and ſubdivide it afterward, by moveable partitions

partitions of wood, as he liked; but he obſerved, as he had only a barn to live in till his houſe was finiſhed, diſpatch would be the greateſt merit of his workmen. They followed Dick's plan, and on account of his great urgency, laid no ſolid foundation, thinking if the building tumbled down there would be no mighty harm, as it would provide another nice job for themſelves.

Having completed the firſt ſtory, they found themſelves unable to proceed without partition walls to ſupport the ſecond floor; Dick therefore ordered them to put on the roof without more ado, which they ſupported by props and ſtays. This ſtructure, Dick ſaid, would do well enough for the preſent; as he intended, when at leiſure, to look it over, and, after having experienced

the inconveniences of it, to remedy them by his future alterations.

Though Swagger's houſe was very unlike Mr. Blunt's on the outſide, yet it was obſerved that he had formed his inſide a good deal upon that model: his paſſages were larger, but his rooms were leſs; and there was nothing of that loftineſs and grandeur, though a great deal more ſtiffneſs and regularity than in his rivals. Nobody in the village liked the outſide appearance: ſome thought it too large, others too ſmall, but all agreed it was too low; while the domeſtics were equally diſſatisfied with their accommodations within: the butler thought his pantry too dark, the houſekeeper thought her ſtore-room too damp, the cook thought her larder too hot, and they all thought the kitchen too

too cold. In ſhort, Dick was ſo plagued, and teazed, and peſtered, that in a fit of paſſion he ordered the ſhell only to be left, and the inſide new modelled, by making every apartment exactly ſquare and of equal dimenſions.

" Let them be ſufficiently ſpacious too," ſaid Dick; " all men are naturally of the ſame ſize, and all men love to have elbow room."

SECT. III.

DIGRESSION I.

On the ſizes, ſhapes, and races of Men.

I CANNOT but wonder that the Author ſhould have ſuffered ſo dangerous a poſition as the preceding, to paſs unreproved, as it appears to me to contain the ſeeds of that abominable doctrine of univerſal liberty, and general equality.

Now that men are neither naturally of the ſame ſize, nor particularly fond of elbow-room, muſt be evident to any perſon who will take the trouble of obſerving

obſerving the crowds aſſembled on every trifling occaſion, where he will perceive not only a great inequality in point of ſize, but ſuch a thorough contempt of the pleaſures of elbow room as muſt be ſufficient to invalidate the opinion advanced by Maſter Swagger.

But the more effectually to overturn this peſtilent doctrine, I proceed to remark, that our ſage Hiſtorian, who had undoubtedly a vaſt fund of knowledge for the time in which he lived, ſeems not to have been aware of a very important fact, which has been lately eſtabliſhed beyond contradiction by a very ingenious gentleman; and this is, that mankind, inſtead of being all naturally of the ſame ſize and ſhape, are ſo far from it, that they form totally diſtinct and different ſpecies, and are

not all deſcended from Noah, or even Adam.

Now though the ancients ſeem to have been acquainted with the grounds on which this reaſoning is founded, they neglected to deduce any material conſequences from it; and though they have given us ſome very curious facts, and have even noticed moſt of the ſpecies into which mankind are rightly divided, yet the gentleman above alluded to is undoubtedly entitled to the full honour of the diſcovery, which being granted him, he will excuſe me if I here add ſome collateral proofs, amplifications, and authorities from the ancients, to his very ingenious deductions.

The firſt writer who preſents himſelf on this ſubject is Heſiod, who has very particularly

particularly enumerated five diſtinct races, not ſubſequent to each other in point of time, as is generally, though very erroneouſly, ſuppoſed, but coetaneous; but the poet borrowing from authentic records, long ſince loſt, has ſo mutilated and miſrepreſented facts (a thing uſual with thoſe of his profeſſion), as to obſcure the genuine ſenſe of his originals, and give a handle to fanciful men to form the moſt extravagant conjectures concerning progreſſive degeneracy; yet if theſe five races of men were conſecutive, as he repreſents them, they could not, upon this ſuppoſition, follow in the order in which he has placed them, namely, gold, ſilver, braſs, implying a continued degeneracy; and then recur to a better ſyſtem, and pro-

duce a race of heroes, ſuch as fought at Thebes and Troy, and afterward ſink again to a race of iron. But if we conſider each of theſe as a diſtinct ſpecies, every difficulty vaniſhes, and what is ſaid of them becomes plain and eaſy, without having recourſe to a gratuitous ſuppoſition of hereditary degeneracy.

Indeed this notion, which has been haſtily taken up by Lucretius*, Horace†,

* Jamque adeo affecta eſt ætas, effœtaque tellus
Vix animalia parva creat, quæ cuncta creavit
Sæcla, deditque ferarum ingentia corpora partu.
Lib. ii.

† Ætas parentum pejor avis tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitioſiorem.
Lib. iii. Od. 6.

Juvenal,

Juvenal *, and others †, being incompatible with the account of Heſiod, probably originated from an erroneous interpretation of thoſe paſſages in Homer ‡, where he repreſents his heroes

* ——nec hunc lapidem quali ſe Turnus et Ajax;
Vel quo Tydides percuſſit pondere coxam
Æneæ; ſed quem valeant emittere dextræ
Illis diſſimiles et noſtro tempore natæ.
Nam genus hoc vivo jam decreſcebat Homero.
Terra malos homines nunc educat atque puſillos.
Sat. 15.

† Herodotus, Pliny, &c.

‡ ——— ὁ δὲ χερμαδίον λαβὼν χειρὶ
Τυδείδης, μέγα ἔργον, ὁ καὶ δύο γ' ἀνδρὲ φέριστοι,
Οἷοι νῦν βροτοί εἰσ'· ὁ δὲ μιν ῥέα παλλὰ καὶ οἷος.
Il. 5.

——— τῷ δ' ὃ κε δὴ ἀνὴρ δήμου ἀριστεύων
Ῥηϊδίως ἐπ' ἀμαξὰν ἐσθὲ ἑὸν ἐσθλὸν ἑταῖρον
Οἷοι νῦν βροτοὶ εἰσ'· ὁ δὲ μιν ῥέα παλλὰ καὶ οἷος.
Il 12.

as hurling ſtones, which would have required the ſtrength of two men, ſuch as the Greeks of his time, to have ſuſtained.

By a ſimilar compariſon, Virgil* ſhews the athletic powers of Turnus (probably much the ſame as thoſe of Diomed and Hector) to have been equal to the united ſtrength of twelve Romans. This haughty nation, therefore, unwilling to allow themſelves of an inferior ſpecies, would gladly bring down all

* ——— Saxum circumſpicit ingens,
Saxum antiquum, ingens; campo quod forte jacebat
Limes agro poſitus, litem ut diſcerneret arvis.
Vix illud lecti bis ſex cervice ſubirent
Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus:
Ille manu raptum trepida torquebat in hoſtem,
Altior inſurgens.

Æn. 12.

mankind

mankind to a level with themſelves, by a viſionary notion of hereditary degeneracy.

But this is not the fact; for the extraordinary vigour celebrated by Homer, is not that of each individual engaged at the ſiege of Troy, indiſcriminately; an interpretation very unpoetical, for then where is the ſuperiority of his champions? but only of that diſtinct race of heroes mentioned by Heſiod; who, though leaders of the Greeks, were not themſelves ſprung from the ſoil, but being foreigners, or the offspring of foreigners, were much more bulky and large than the reſt of the army, as is particularly noted of Ajax and Agamemnon; the former being ever repreſented unwieldy and immoveable as a tower, while the ſize and majeſtic port of the latter is

depicted with equal veracity throughout the Iliad.

These heroes, however, serve as a common term whereby to compare the Greeks and the Romans; for as they were twice as strong as the former, and twelve times as strong as the latter, it will follow that two Greeks possessed as much bodily strength as twelve Romans: a cause this, and not a consequence of the partiality which the former always retained for gymnastic exercises; for persons of great bodily strength, it is observed, are fond of shewing their superiority, as was the case with Milo,

——— ——— Viribus ille
Confisus periit, admirandisque lacertis.

Of this tendency to boast themselves of their athletic powers, we have sufficient

ficient examples too in the champions of our own times.

Thus I think it will ſufficiently follow from this reaſoning *a poſteriori*, that the Greeks were a ſpecies totally diſtinct from the Romans; and of this there want not many arguments *a priori*, but let one ſuffice: For the Athenians, the very chief of the Greeks, being αὐτοχθονες, or ſprung from the earth, as the beſt * hiſtorians inform us, muſt neceſſarily partake of the nature of the

* Thucydides, the moſt accurate of their hiſtorians, though he does not ſay ſo in expreſs terms, yet ſeems to admit this well known fact in the following words, "Την γαρ Αττικην εκ τε παλαιοτατου δια το λεπτογειον αστασιαστον οικειν, ανθρωποι ωκουν οι αυτοι αει," and indeed the comparing of this paſſage with that of Lucretius,

"Sed genuit tellus eadem, quæ nunc alit ex ſe,"

puts the matter out of all doubt.

ſoil;

ſoil; now Attica being very ſtony and rugged, was likely to produce a hardy race of men, ſo that though the Romans were no way deficient in perſonal proweſs, yet it may be conceded, without any diſparagement to them, that one Athenian was a match for ſix Romans; and I much queſtion whether they would have been ſubdued by a ſmaller majority.

That one Grecian was equal in fight to at leaſt an hundred Perſians, is alſo clear from two events: the defeat of that great army which Xerxes ſent againſt them, and the retreat of the ten thouſand, of which Xenophon gives ſo accurate and ſpirited a narration; events which being ſeparated by an interval of near four ſcore years, could not have fallen out ſo alike upon the ſuppoſition

of

of a degeneracy. Indeed this inferiority is very ſatisfactorily accounted for, from the extreme weakneſs of the ſkulls of the Perſians, as mentioned by Herodotus, in his third book *.

To inveſtigate the different origins of the Trojans, Grecians, Perſians, Romans, and other nations of antiquity, would be a work far beyond the compaſs of this ſhort eſſay; but which I would recommend to the ingenious author who has already commenced this enquiry; I would only obſerve that the deſcent of the Romans from Æneas and his heroic companions, as endeavoured to be eſtabliſhed by Virgil, but which, by the learned, has ever been conſidered as a

* Αι μεν των Περσεων κεφαλαι εισι ασθενεις ουτω ωστε ει θελεις ψηφω μουνη βαλειν, διατετρησεις.

poetical

poetical figment, is clearly impoſſible from this conſideration, that it required at leaſt twelve Romans to equal the ſtrength of that * hero; a difference very lamely accounted for upon the ſuppoſition of hereditary degeneracy.

Before cloſing this ſubject, I muſt remark, that the ancients being little ſkilled in the niceties of anatomical inveſtigation, formed their diſcriminative characteriſtics from external appearances; whereas the accurate obſerver of modern times, deduces his concluſions from the different ſizes of the bones, and capacities of the cavities. Homer, however, whoſe knowledge was unbounded, being well ſkilled in anatomy,

* For Turnus, as we have ſeen, was a match for twelve Romans; and Æneas certainly was not inferior to his rival.

has

has obſerved this difference of dimenſions in the frontal bones, as I ſhall preſently ſhow, but Heſiod by a leſs recondite method, diſcriminates the races he enumerates by the circumſtance of colour only; and how exactly each of theſe may be applied to the modern nations, with which we are acquainted, I ſhall now very briefly conſider.

The men of the iron race, are probably that ſpecies from whom the modern Negroes of Africa are deſcended, who being of a full black, might perhaps be denominated from the reſemblance of their colour to iron, or more probably are the offspring of a ſoil abounding in that metal*.

Thoſe

* This metallic origin accounts very ſatisfactorily for the operation of the patent metallic Tractors, by ſympathy or affinity.

Thus

Thoſe of the brazen race are undoubtedly the copper-coloured Indians; while thoſe of the ſilver as certainly repreſent our own anceſtors, whoſe fair complexions juſtly entitled them to this denomination; unleſs the learned reader would rather ſuppoſe this name aſſigned them, as ſpringing from a ſilver ſoil, for the tin* with which our iſland abounds, might originally be miſtaken

Thus the golden and ſilver races, of which, in their ſeveral gradations and commixtures, the inhabitants of this Iſland chiefly conſiſt, are moſt powerfully affected by Tractors compoſed principally of thoſe metals; while Tractors of Iron, have been as liberally applied to the blacks.

* Naſcitur ibi plumbum album in mediterraneis regionibus.

Ceſar de bello Gallico Lib. 5.

for

for ſilver *, or perhaps, as Mr. Boyle ſuppoſes, is nothing elſe but that ore in a depraved ſtate.

The golden race I conſider as no unapt deſignation of the Scots, whoſe ruddy countenances and golden locks ſufficiently account for the origin of this term, and point them out, as deriving their birth from a ſandy and barren ſoil. Whether any fanciful alluſion to their attachment to gold, in queſt of which, it has been obſerved, they will cheerfully leave their native land, be couched under their name of the golden race, I dare not take upon me to decide, but leave it to abler heads to determine.

And here, perhaps I might, without offence, diſmiſs the ſubject, having very

* Fert Britannia aurum et *argentum* et alia metalla.

Tacit. Agricola.

ſatis-

ſatisfactorily proved the preſent exiſtence of the four different races, which have erroneouſly been looked upon as ſo many diſtinct ſucceſſions of men; particularly as no more than theſe four are noticed by Ovid, but as it has been remarked that the ſtream of intelligence is always the leſs clear the further it is removed from the ſource, ſo I cannot but conclude that Heſiod's account, however diſtorted and imperfect, is yet more correct than his diſtant imitator's. I am therefore inclined to believe the race of Heroes or Giants, mentioned by the former, as a diſtinct ſpecies, to be yet in being, as it is remarkable that nature is very careful to prevent either genus or ſpecies from being loſt. And if I were required to name the ſpot, where ſuch race now exiſts, though an

objection

objection on such grounds would be merely an *argumentum ad ignorantiam*, yet am I prepared to answer it, and should without hesitation point out the coast of Patagonia, of which country I apprehend the ancestors of those Heroes who were engaged in the Theban and Trojan wars to have been indigenous, though their descendants settled in Phœnicia, Egypt, or other regions before they acquired their several kingdoms *.

I know

* That a colony of this gigantic race, had by some means (probably accidental) been established in India, where they were found by Alexander the Great, is clear from the testimony of Arrian, whose description of them is as follows, αλλα μεγαλες μεν τα σωματα, οια μεγιστους των κατα την Ασιαν, πεντεπηχεις τους πολλους, η ολιγοι αποδεοντας και μειζοντας των αλλων ανθρωπων, πλην Αιθιοπων. De expedit. Alex. Lib. 5.

This

I know there are thoſe who are v
anxious to deduce all mankind fr
one common ſtock, and account
the diverſity in ſize, colour, ſha
&c. from climate †, habit, and ot
fanciful, and now exploded cauſ

This colony might poſſibly ſend out thoſe
venturers who eſtabliſhed themſelves in diffe
kingdoms of Greece.

It muſt be obſerved too, that though by a
quent commixture with a fairer race, they loſt
greateſt part of their ſable hue, ſo as to retain
a ſlight tinge of ſwarth, they ſunk at the ſame
nearly a foot in height, being reduced to abou
feet and a half in ſtature, for ſuch appears to
been the ſize of thoſe heroes engaged at Thebes
Troy; but the Patagonians, from whom I co
ture them to be deſcended, ſtill retain the
height and complexion of thoſe mentioned
Arrian.

† Monteſquieu Eſprit des Loix. Liv. 14.

Th

Theſe perſons ſay that as that great naturaliſt Buffon deduced all the varieties of the canine ſpecies from one common origin, the Shepherds dog, ſo they preſume the generally received notion, of Adam being the father of all mankind, may well enough be reconciled to the varieties which we now obſerve in the human race.

But this argument proves too much, for it would then follow that there are no radically diſtinct ſpecies of men, a poſition which I muſt beg leave to deny, and the falſity of which I can prove from that venerable and admired writer Herodotus, the veracity of whoſe accounts, in ſeveral inſtances formerly diſbelieved, the diſcoveries of recent navigators have confirmed.

That there are moſt indiſputably dif-

ferent

ferent ſpecies of men, none of my readers, I think, will be inclined to doubt, when I refer them to his account of the * bald pated men, and thoſe who ſleep away half their time, neither of which are uncommon with us, though of a diſtinct ſpecies from the genuine ſilver race. To theſe may be added, the headleſs men †, or as our immortal bard has termed them

——————— Men whoſe heads
Do grow beneath their ſhoulders;

* διεξελθοντι δε και της τρηχειης χωρης πολλον, οικεουσι υπωρειαν ὑρεων ὑψηλων ανθρωποι λεγομενοι ειναι παντες φαλακροι, &c. and again, υπερβαντι δε τους, αλλους ανθρωπους ειναι, οι την εξαμηνον καθευδουσι.

Herod. Lib. 4.

† Και οι κυνοκεφαλοι, και οι ακεφαλοι οι εν τοισι στηθεσι τους οφθαλμους εχοντες.

Herod. Lib. 4.

but

but leſt any ſhould heſitate to admit the truth of theſe relations, I would beg leave to remind ſuch, that the exiſtence of the Antipodes, a truth now eſtabliſhed beyond all controverſy, was formerly denied with as much warmth and obſtinacy, as that of theſe *acephali* can now poſſibly be.

The farther account too of a race of men with heads like dogs * is an additional confirmation of this ſyſtem, and if I were not afraid of incurring the cenſure of Cicero †, I could enlarge upon theſe facts from ſome of the moſt

* Beſide the teſtimony of Herodotus, we have alſo that of Cteſias, in the following words, ειναι τοις δε τοις ορεσι φησιν ανθρωπους διοτρεπεις κυνος εχοντας κεφαλην.

† Utitur in re non dubia, teſtibus non neceſſariis.

 authen-

authentic natural hiſtorians of antiquity; I cannot however omit to adduce the collateral teſtimony of Homer (whoſe credit for veracity is not to be impeached), from whoſe account of Therſites * it appears, that there was at leaſt a baſtard ſpecies of this race at the ſiege of Troy, whoſe perſonal bravery was looked upon as of an inferior kind. † Accordingly we find Achilles, when enraged at Agamemnon, endeavouring to fix upon him the ſtigma of a croſs from this breed, though from the accounts of his valour, probably without

* ——————— αυϊαρ υπιρθι
φοξος ην κιφαλην.
Il. 2.

† Ου γαρ εγω σιο φημι χιρειοτερον βροτον αλλον
Εμμεναι οσσοι αμ' Ατρειδησ' υπο Ιλιον ηλθον.
Il. 2.

any

any foundation, for paſſion is apt to hurry men beyond the bounds of truth and reaſon *. His words are

κυνος ομμαΤ' εχων,

or as Mr. Pope well tranſlates them

Thou dog in forehead,

which contain an evident alluſion to his partaking of the nature of the *cynocephali* in the narrow and retreating forehead and hind-head, than which a ſtronger reproach could not have been imagined.

To theſe varieties might be added the Pygmies not more than three feet high,

* I am happy in having the authority of Plutarch to confirm me in this opinion, whoſe obſervation on this paſſage is as follows:—καλον γαρ εικος ὑθεν εισει μετ οργης και αυστηρως λεγομενον.

De audiend. Poet.

mentioned both by Homer and Herodotus, and whoſe exiſtence is further confirmed by thoſe two great naturaliſts, Ariſtotle and Pliny, which race forming ſo ſtriking a contraſt to the ancient Heroes, or modern Patagonians, ſhows the falſity of the poſition, at the concluſion of the preceding ſection, *That all men are naturally of the ſame ſize.*

And having now, with great labour to myſelf, and I hope with no leſs edification to my reader, eſtabliſhed this ſyſtem beyond all contradiction, I ſhall not quit the ſubject, till I have deduced from it two very important conſequences, by way of corollaries.

And, firſt, I apprehend this will bring the diſcuſſion upon the expediency and lawfulneſs of the ſlave trade into a very narrow compaſs. For if the Afri-

can negroes are a race whoſe forehead bones are narrower and more retreating, than thoſe of an European, they form a diſtinct ſtock, and conſequently the whole argument of fraternal connexion, and original conſanguinity, falls to the ground, we are no longer brethren, and we are not only permitted but are enjoined by religion, as I ſhall preſently ſhow, to employ them in the cultivation of the earth.

For if Adam were himſelf a negro, as ſome of our beſt phyſiologiſts maintain, it will follow that theſe are his offspring; and as it was enjoined him and his poſterity to eat their bread in the ſweat of their brow, as a puniſhment for his diſobedience, it will readily appear that we are complying with the injunctions of ſcripture, in compelling

them to ſubmit to this infliction in its greateſt extent.

I know it has been imagined by ſome that the blacks are the excluſive deſcendants of Ham, but this opinion having been very ably refuted by Dr. Brown, in his Treatiſe on Vulgar Errors *, I would rather refer my reader to his arguments, than unneceſſarily enlarge this diſcourſe by tranſcribing them.

The next thing I would obſerve, which muſt be a ſource of wonderful conſolation to us, is, that we of the ſilver race are hence exempted from the guilt of original ſin, which attaching only to the deſcendants of Adam, who are the blacks, leaves us free: and the

* Book 6. Chap. 11.

weight

weight of the penalty falling excluſively upon the negroes, is a further proof of the propriety and rectitude of the ſlave trade.

Having thus concluded this ſhort and, I hope, not unprofitable digreſſion, which appeared neceſſary to correct the erroneous aſſertion at the end of the laſt ſection, we will now reſume the thread of this inſtructive and entertaining Hiſtory.

SECT. IV.

THE HISTORY CONTINUED.

OUR Hiſtorian goes on to obſerve, that all the good houſewives in the pariſh were alarmed, at Mr. Swagger's taking the management of his houſe out of his wife's hands: It ſeemed ſuch a diſgrace to the ſex in general, and ſuch a dangerous precedent to other huſbands, that none of them ſpoke of him with common patience; beſides, his precipitate raſhneſs in pulling down the whole fabric, which many thought he would have done better to repair, made every one look upon him, as no wiſer than

than he ſhould be. The women therefore took great delight in teazing, and tormenting poor Dick, and Mrs. Stately with Mrs. Fearful, two forward young flirts, caſled one morning upon Mrs. Swagger, under pretence of ſeeing her new houſe, but in reality to vex her huſband.

When they had gained admiſſion, they complimented him in a ſarcaſtic ſtyle upon his fine taſte, great ſkill, approved wiſdom, giggling and tittering between every ſentence. Dick, whoſe temper was conſiderably ſoured, could not reliſh their jokes, but cut them ſhort, ſaying, "Ladies, I know very well that you think this houſe not good enough for my wife, but I muſt beg you will not pull it in pieces before it is finiſhed; you can be no judges at preſent of its

beauty and convenience, for I intend to take away thoſe ugly wooden props in the dreſſing room."

"For Heaven's ſake, dear Mr. Swagger," ſaid the women, "don't remove them, we would rather adviſe you to place more, for we are dreadfully afraid the whole building will tumble about your wife's ears, do what you can: you have been impoſed upon, good Sir, by a pack of raſcally workmen, and therefore if you and Mrs. Swagger will accept of an apartment in either of our houſes, till you can erect a good ſubſtantial edifice upon your old foundations, you ſhall be extremely welcome."

"There now," ſaid Dick, flying into a paſſion, "Did not I tell you theſe jades had a deſign to pull down my buildings, and carry off my family? pretty

pretty doings truly to come into an honeſt man's houſe, and ſow diſſentions between him and his wife; but I'll make you remember it, you trollops." With that he lifted up his fiſt, and if they had not made a precipitate retreat, would certainly have done them a miſchief: however he took care to apply abundance of epithets to them, which the honeſt chronicler would bluſh to recite. Nor did his rage ceaſe here; he turned away half the ſervants in the houſe, one for letting theſe troubleſome viſitors in; another for letting them out; one for laughing, when he ſcolded them; and one for crying when he ſwore at them.

A few days after this hubbub had ſubſided, finding that his diſcarded domeſtics had procured an aſylum in the

houſes of Maſter Fearful and Maſter Stately, he went to his wife with a ſmiling countenance. "My dear," ſaid he "can you believe it? Thoſe bullies in petticoats who came to inſult me in my own houſe, have received my run-away ſervants, loaded them with favours, and are now (as I am convinced by indiſputable authority which I cannot at preſent diſcloſe) concerting together to murder me, and probably you too, pull down my houſe, and ſeize upon my eſtate: Be ſo good therefore, my deareſt, as to write to theſe madcaps, and deſire them to turn their precious viſitors away; tell them that thoſe who have been treacherous in one ſervice, are not likely to be very faithful in another."

Mrs. Swagger would gladly have excuſed herſelf, ſhe knew that all ſhe could

could ſay would produce no effect upon her neighbours; and that her huſband, attributing the whole fault to herſelf, would only be the more exaſperated againſt her. However ſhe at length complied; but her friends, as ſhe had foreſeen, paid no attention to her letter, they looked upon Dick as mad, and they thought his wife little better not to run away from him and go to her own relations, till his neighbours could cure him of his wild freaks; but they were little aware of the poor woman's ſituation. Dick, with all his malice, had a prodigious ſhare of low cunning, and therefore, whenever he walked out, he locked his wife in her apartment, to ſecure her, as he ſaid, from being incommoded by the intruſion of the work-people who were about the premiſes.

Now

Now the partitions being ſlight and the wood green, it happened that one of the pannels ſhrunk ſo much as to drop out once when Mrs. Swagger was locked up. She immediately availed herſelf of this lucky incident, and putting on her hat and cloak, was proceeding with all ſpeed to a relation's houſe, when, having nearly reached the door, ſhe unfortunately met with her huſband's ſhepherd, who very officiouſly conducted her back again to his maſter.

When Dick firſt diſcovered that his wife had fled, he began to rage and ſtorm like a mad thing; but inſtantly recollecting himſelf, and being unwilling to expoſe his weakneſs to his ſervants, he in a moment became as meek as a lamb, declared he ſhould be quite diſconſolate without his dear Louiſa,

and

and that it would be an act of the greateſt kindneſs in any one to bring her to him again; he was proceeding, but had not time to ſay more before ſhe arrived. Dick received her with a moſt abundant ſhow of tenderneſs; he careſſed and hugged her as if he would have ſmothered her, and when ſhe was beginning to make ſome awkward apologies for her conduct, begged ſhe would make no excuſes, as his joy at receiving her again ſafe, obliterated every ſentiment of reſentment which he might at any time have harboured in his breaſt.

Among Swagger's other megrims, he fancied himſelf a great poet; and John Blunt having, many years before, compoſed ſome love verſes in praiſe of his wife, Dick muſt needs do the ſame; ſo

turning

turning poetaſter in his old age, he produced a ſtring of rhymes, wherein he complimented Mrs. Swagger, without forgetting his own good qualities; Dick therefore began roaring this out with all his might, as if he would ſplit his lungs, and inſiſted upon every one he met joining in chorus.

One day he took it into his head that his wife ſhould not ſit in an arm-chair; another time it occurred to him that he ought to wear his hat in the houſe, to ſhow the world he was not afraid of her; after this, he thought it would be only right that he ſhould walk into the room firſt; and again, when he viſited her dreſſing-room, he inſiſted upon having the folding-doors thrown open.

When Mr. Swagger had completed his houſe, he ſurveyed it with great com-

complacency; he ordered a plan and elevation to be hung up in his hall, and whenever he paſſed them, he pulled off his hat. Not ſatisfied with paying it this homage himſelf, he doubted not but it would be the admiration of the neighbourhood, he diſperſed drawings of it round the whole village, informing his neighbours, with great exultation, that he had completed his new edifice: ſome made him no anſwer, while others took his plan and thruſt it into the fire. John Blunt was very reſerved on this occaſion, he gave no opinion, but only ſent his compliments, and wiſhed Mr. and Mrs. Swagger their health to live in it many years.

Notwithſtanding John's ſeeming politeneſs, it was thought he had no very great liking to Dick's new building, nor had

had he any reaſon, for he was peſtered by ſome of his domeſtics to follow his neighbour's example, and new model his own houſe; ſome of the lower ſort ſaid they had ſuch ſorry apartments it was a ſhame to ſee, and begged him to allot them better in his new plan.

John, who had a great veneration for the ſtructure of his anceſtors, would not willingly ſuffer a ſtone to be diſplaced; but he now began to be afraid that his domeſtics would pull it in pieces in ſpite of him.

"What!" ſays he, to the moſt clamorous, "can't you be ſatisfied to live in the ſame houſe that thoſe did who went before you? as good men, let me tell you, as any of you; but ſuppoſe I ſhould pull it down, pray who is to pay the expence of building it up again?"

One

One or two of the more moderate replied, " Sir, we would not wiſh you to pull it down by any means, we only deſire you to make a few alterations: let the windows be cleaned and enlarged, and throw out a bow or two; Mrs. Blunt's dreſſing room alſo might be ſhortened, to make room for us in the great hall at Chriſtmas; for ſome of us are forced to ſit in the kitchen, while many a worſe man is feaſting at your Honour's table in the hall."

" Gentlemen," replied John, " I will talk with my ſteward upon the ſubject; but I can do nothing in a hurry. You are very well off, if you could but think ſo; and you that admire Mr. Swagger's houſe ſo much, would do well to go and live with him."

" Lord

" Lord love your Honour," ſaid they, " don't be ruffled; we would not leave your Honour's houſe to live in an Emperor's; but we would gladly make it ſuch a palace that it would be a mercy to ſee it."

" Well, well," ſaid John, haſtily, " I'll talk with my ſteward; and ſo good day to you."

Upon John's conſulting his ſteward, " Wait a little, Sir," ſaid he, " and ſee the end of Swagger's mad ſchemes; this is one of his tricks. You are no ſtranger to his malice and cunning; if he could but once ſee your houſe demoliſhed, which has been his envy for many a long year, he would be ſatisfied. You know, Sir," continued he, " I was once as clamorous as any body to enlarge the great hall, but upon a nearer

nearer examination, I found that any alteration would endanger the roof: as to the windows, I began to rub them a little, but the mildew has eaten ſo deep into ſome places, that they will not come clean, and I broke one or two panes in the attempt; they are of fine coloured glaſs, you know, and therefore will not admit ſo much light as the common ſort; but, by my good will, not a cobweb ſhall be removed in future. To preſerve your own houſe ſecure, I would adviſe you to turn the ill will of your diſcontented and turbulent domeſtics againſt Swagger's; it is immaterial to them whoſe buildings they are defacing, if they are but employed. He has whiſpered his intention of demoliſhing your's, and there can be no great harm in anticipating miſchief."

Now

Now although this advice was judged at the time to be exceedingly wholeſome and ſalutary, it proved in the event far otherwiſe; for Dick's bodily ſtrength being unimpaired, though his intellects were diſordered, his aſſailants frequently came off with the worſt of it. Even John Blunt, who reckoned himſelf the ſhrewdeſt man in the pariſh, became in this inſtance the dupe of both friends and enemies, and was taught, as he often confeſſed with tears in his eyes, that it was no great argument of wiſdom to quarrel with a madman.

After this ſage remark, our Hiſtorian obſerves, that Maſter Swagger held ſome land of Fearful's, upon an old tenure of ſending him an egg a day, a pound of butter a week, and other troubleſome and trifling ſervices; but Dick's finances

finances being rather low with the expences of his new building, he was not ſo punctual as he ſhould have been in his payments, and would gladly have entered into a compromiſe for the future; but Mrs. Fearful, to whom the articles were highly uſeful, being a very good houſewife, would not have them commuted on any account. Dick, however, refuſing to pay, a rather tart correſpondence enſued; when Frank Fearful, being abetted by one Sam Shifty, a buſy, meddleſome man, who was always thruſting his noſe into other peoples concerns, they agreed between them to ſend him a Lawyer's letter. Having applied for this purpoſe to an attorney of the keener ſort, he quickly wrote a moſt ſcurrilous epiſtle; and, without waiting for the tedious proceſs

of

of pleas, replications, and rejoinders, inſtantly proceeded to diſtrain his goods and chattels, and being attended by Shifty and Fearful, fairly drove Maſter Swagger off his own premiſes, rating him for his ſcandalous behaviour to his wife, whom every body in the pariſh pitied but himſelf, and againſt whom they declared they had not the ſlighteſt enmity.

This exaſperated Dick mightily, he ſwore he had been the kindeſt huſband in the world, that he had conſulted his wife in every thing, and that ſhe now ſided with his enemies, and rejoiced at his misfortunes. He clinched his fiſt at her, and it was thought would have ſtruck her; however, he dragged her out of her own apartment, and thruſt

her

her into a ſorry hole, which was formerly occupied by the ſcullion wench.

Dick's veneration for his houſe had ſome time before manifeſted itſelf in a very odd way; for whenever he wanted a piece of wood to burn, down came a prop, ſo that at length the whole building tumbled about his ears. Dick had agility enough to get out of the way, but his wife and ſome of the ſervants were buried in the ruins.

Dick having thus freed himſelf from all his domeſtic cares, as he ſaid, called together his ſervants, and arming each with a ſtout bludgeon, ſoon became more than a match for the lawyer and his gang, whom he preſently ſent

"Home without boots, and in bad weather too*."

* The Editor has taken the liberty of paraphraſing the original, by this line from Shakſpeare.

He not only recovered his own ſtock, which had been purloined by the lawyer, but ſeized upon a great deal belonging to his antagoniſts; and, being joined by a tenant of Frank Fearful's, actually took poſſeſſion of one of his beſt farms.

Poor Dick's brain had been touched for ſome time, and vanity had now completed the buſineſs; from this period he plunged into ſome of the wildeſt extravagancies that ever entered into the heart of man. If he ſaw a perſon quietly walking along the ſtreet, he would come behind him ſlily, trip up his heels, and then run away with a loud horſe laugh. He moreover publicly declared that if any man were tired of his wife, he would put him into a way of getting rid of her at an eaſy rate. Every body

body now was afraid of him, and the poor defenceleſs towns-people uſed to go along bye-ways to avoid him; but this ſignified nothing, for Dick was to be ſeen at every twiſt and turn, breaking down all the gates and hedges in his way.

One day Dick took a new freak into his head: for calling upon Reginald Rueful, "Neighbour," ſaid he, "you are ſenſible that my tenant at Netherſtead——"

"Your tenant!" interpoſed Reginald, "I proteſt I thought that farm belonged to Maſter Fearful;—you cannot ſurely have bought it?"

"Don't interrupt me, friend," replied Dick; "the farm lies conveniently for me, and that raſcal, Fearful, having uſed me ſo ſcurvily, I have ſeized upon

it, and mean to keep it in my poſſeſſion."

"Bleſs me!" interrupted Reginald again, "why I thought you had publicly declared that you were ſatisfied with what you have, and would not wiſh to add a foot of land to your property; and now you have ſtolen neighbour Fearful's eſtate. Why, I thought you ſaid it was a ſhame every man had not his land rent free."

"Aye," ſaid Dick, "but I find it is better for the man to have me to protect him; and therefore no more words on that ſubject. But to ſhew you how much I am his friend, I came to obſerve to you, that he is obliged to go a mile about to get to market, and then the roads are ſo bad that in winter they are almoſt impaſſable."

"That

"That is very true," replied Reginald, "and that makes his farm ſo inconvenient."

"It does ſo," reſumed Dick, "and I mean to remedy that inconvenience; for, though I ſhall not take it into my own hands, I ſhall do what I can for the advantage of my tenant; I mean, therefore, to make a road through your grounds, for the uſe of my farm."

"Z——ds!" exclaimed Reginald, "a fine ſtory truly;—and pray what right have you to make a road through my grounds?"

"The very beſt right in the world," ſaid Dick; "there is a road which has been wrongfully ſtopped up by you, and I mean to reſtore it."

"Wrongfully ſtopped up!" cried Reginald, "why it was agreed upon at

a veſtry meeting; and your great-grandfather was the firſt to put his hand to it."

"Stuff and nonſenſe!" rejoined Dick, "my great-grandfather was a great ſimpleton; he had no power to make any ſuch agreement. The right to roads, my good friend, is what we now call an impreſcriptable right."

"I don't know the meaning of thoſe new fangled words," ſaid Reginald.

"You are an illiterate blockhead," replied Dick; "but the meaning is, that every man has a right to do what he thinks moſt convenient for himſelf, without conſidering other people; and therefore I ſhall break down your gates (without intending to be a bad neighbour to you), and open the old road; and if you are ſtout enough to hinder me,

me, you have a full right to do it; and ſo good morning to you."

Poor Reginald, in this perplexity, applied to neighbour Blunt for his advice and aſſiſtance, who was equally courted by both parties. Dick ſent his ſervant alſo, but the fellow taking his handkerchief out of his pocket to blow his noſe, unluckily dropped one of his maſter's hand-bills, entitled "An eaſy Way to get rid of troubleſome Wives," which Mrs. Blunt eſpying, ordered the man to go about his buſineſs, and not come to make miſchief in their family.

SECT. V.

DIGRESSION II.

Of the Uſe and Antiquity of Pocket-handkerchiefs.

ALTHOUGH I have too much honour to alter a ſingle ſentence in this very curious and authentic narration, I have alſo too high an opinion of the ſagacity of my maſters, the Critics, to ſuppoſe an expreſſion,

Minus aptus acutis
Naribus horum hominum,

will be ſuffered to eſcape animadverſion.

Either

Either the whole hiſtory muſt be a forgery, or the circumſtance of the handkerchief an interpolation, or the tranſlator has in this inſtance miſtaken the ſenſe of his author.

Being convinced that the duſt and cobwebs about the box formed a ſtrong external proof of validity, and leaving my reader to judge of the internal evidence of authenticity, from his own critical acumen, I was conſcious that any ſuſpicion of forgery was groundleſs: nor was the ſecond opinion of an interpolation more tenable; the uniform colour of the ink, ſhape of the letters, and complexion of the paper, diſcountenancing ſuch a notion.

Unfortunately, the only ſatisfactory way of removing the difficulty, by reviſing this part of the tranſlation and

aſcertaining the preciſe meaning of the original, was rendered impracticable by the abſence of the Baron Schwartz-ſchwotzdholm, who having requeſted me to intruſt him with this curious manuſcript, for the inſpection of the literati of his own country, had actually departed into Germany for that purpoſe. As it is not poſſible therefore, at preſent, to get over the anachroniſm any other way than by conjectural emendation, I ſhall endeavour, at the ſequel of this digreſſion, to ſtate from what ſource I conceive the miſtake to have ariſen. For though I am convinced that the original is not ſpurious, I am equally perſuaded that pocket-handkerchiefs, as now uſed, were not known to honeſt Friar Simon.

Having

Having therefore made ſome deſultory reſearches among the ancients, in order to aſcertain the genuine ſenſe of the paſſage, I cannot withhold from my reader the reſult of my enquiries; and, as a little inveſtigation will make this matter clear to Meſſieurs the Critics, of which honourable fraternity I am myſelf ambitious to be admitted a member, I moſt humbly crave them to accept the following diſſertation, as a probationary eſſay, on the uſe and antiquity of pocket-handkerchiefs.

That pocket-handkerchiefs were not in uſe in the time of the Trojan war, may be ſafely concluded from the ſilence of Homer; who would not have failed, in the courſe of his incomparable poems, to have made ſome mention of an appendage ſo uſeful to a modern ſoldier.

On the contrary, we find Agenor, in the thirteenth Iliad, binding up the wounded hand of his friend Helenus,

——— ἐϋπλύνῳ ἐπὶ κηλὶς
Σπόγγος :

an expreſſion whoſe import the learned are not agreed upon *, ſome ſuppoſing it a ſcarf, others a ſaſh, and others a ſling, though all concur that it is not a handkerchief. Now I need only appeal to any gentleman who has had the honour of being wounded in battle, whether a cambric handkerchief be not a ligature far more apt and convenient than a ſaſh, a ſling, or a garter; ſo that from the magnanimous Agenor having recourſe to ſomething of the latter kind,

* Vide Mr. Pope's note on the paſſage.

we

we may reſt aſſured that he had not in his poſſeſſion any thing of the former.

Another negative proof we have from Heſiod, in his deſcription of mourning,

Τῆς ἐκ μὲν ῥινῶν μυξαὶ ῥέον

ſo ſtrikingly imagined by the poet, and yet ſo ſeverely * cenſured by that great critic (the juſtly acknowledged head of our fraternity) Longinus, whoſe objections would have been removed by the application of a handkerchief, which, from his not ſuggeſting ſuch a remedy, we may juſtly infer to have been unknown even in his days.

The following paſſage of Xenophon too, I think, ſhews demonſtratively that

* ὃ γὰρ δεινὸν ἐποίησε τὸ εἰδωλικὸν μάλα μίσητον.

the

the ancients were not acquainted with this luxurious furniture of the pocket, * Αισχρον μεν γαρ ειι και νυν εσιι Περσαις και το αποπτυειν, και το απομυττεσθαι, for he would naturally have remarked that the Greeks, not having the ſame powers of evaporating the ſuperfluous rheum, were reduced to the neceſſity of uſing the pocket-handkerchief, which circumſtance being paſſed over in ſilence, we may fairly conclude, according to that ſound adage of the law, *de non apparentibus ac de non exiſtentibus eadem eſt ratio*, that this modern piece of refinement was unknown in the time of Xenophon.

The Libyans, who appear to have been of an exceedingly watery tem-

* Cyropædia, lib. 1.

perament,

perament *, cauteriſed the heads of their children, to prevent that pituitous defluxion which might otherwiſe have been ſo diſtreſſing to them; and I ſhould have ſuppoſed the Perſians had adopted ſome ſimilar expedient, had not Xenophon expreſſly declared that the aqueous humours were diſſipated ſolely by exerciſe; but this, though it proves that no medical art was uſed, could not be the caſe, as we may obſerve that exerciſe has the effect with moſt men to ſet the watery particles afloat, and produce a determination of moiſture to the ſurface of the ſkin, and the different

* Οισυπη προβατων καιουσι τας εν τησι κορυφησι φλεβας μετιξιτιροι δε αυτιων, τας εν τοισι κροταφοισι τυδε εινεκα, ως μη σφεας ες τον παντα χρονον καταρριον φλεγμα εκ της κεφαλης δεληται.

Herod. lib. 4.

emunctories

emunctories of the body; and indeed Xenophon himself informs us, towards the concluſion of his work *, that this aridity of the Perſians remained unimpaired, though their habits of exerciſe were diſcontinued. A corroborative proof of what was aſſerted in the third ſection of this work, that the Perſians were a race *ſui generis*. We may further remark too, that this aduſt complexion of the Perſians, which made them ſo unequal a match for the Greeks, accounts for that exceſſive brittleneſs of their ſkulls, noticed in the foremention ed ſection.

Thus we may obſerve that philoſophical diſquiſitions of this nature,

* Νυν δι το μεν μη πτυειν μηδε απομυττεσθαι ετι διαμενει, το δε πτυειν εδαμα επιτηδευεται.

Cyropædia, lib. 8.

though

though directed to different ends, mutually ſupport each other, and afford extraneous evidence to the juſtneſs of the principles on which they proceed; and this connexion I hold to be almoſt eſſential to ſound reaſoning, and the eſtabliſhment of a rational hypotheſis,

——————— alterius ſic
Altera poſcit opem res, et conjurat amicè.

Nor were the Romans more fortunate in this reſpect than the Greeks, for they were occaſionally compelled to degrade * the lacinia of their gowns, to the ſame uſe that I have ſeen a ſnivelling ſchool-boy apply the ſleeve of his coat. And indeed, being unacquainted

* Lacrumantem lacinia tenet lacrumans.
Plaut. Aſinaria.

with

with the modern comforts of linen, it is not to be wondered at if they fell ſhort of us in the refinements conſequent on the application of it to ſo many uſeful purpoſes.

Upon the whole, after a very careful examination of various authors on the ſubject, I muſt, with reiterated conviction, pronounce the ancients to have lived without pocket-handkerchiefs, properly ſo called.

Now I am aware that many of my readers will be ſtartled at this aſſertion, and will aſk in what manner thoſe of the ancients, who were of a more dilute temperament than the Perſians, rid themſelves of the ſuperfluous moiſture of the brain? To which I anſwer, that I apprehend this was effected, as I have ſeen among the lower ranks, in modern times

times (who have ever been remarked to be more tenacious of old cuſtoms than their betters), by embracing the cartilaginous elongation of the *os naſi* between the forefinger and thumb of the right-hand, the neck being at the ſame time ſtretched out, and the head placed in an oblique poſition, when, upon a pretty ſmart expulſion of air from the lungs, the pituitous matter is forced through the naſal apertures, to the infinite relief of the patient from every titillating ſenſation.

Yet that the ancients ſuffered ſome inconvenience from the want of pocket-handkerchiefs, and that of a very ſerious nature, when the defluxion of rheum was conſiderable, appears from Horace, who, after enumerating the great advantages enjoyed by the wiſe man, whom

whom he elevates above the rank of Princes (in this reſpect reſembling the wiſe man of our times), declares him to have been perfectly happy on all occaſions,

Niſi cum pituita moleſta eſt,

experiencing, in this inſtance, very ſevere affliction from the want of a pocket-handkerchief; which, like the want of a good conſcience, was able to embitter all his pleaſures, and throw a cloud over the otherwiſe uninterrupted ſunſhine of his life.

Having thus, I hope, ſufficiently ſhewn that the ancients were unacquainted with the uſe of pocket-handkerchiefs, it will naturally follow that they are of later invention; and here I confeſs

confeſs it would have given me great pleaſure, could I have aſcertained the preciſe era of their firſt introduction into uſe; but in this enquiry, neither Pancirolus, nor that accurate antiquary, Profeſſor Beckman, afford us the leaſt glimmering of light. Being therefore myſelf but little initiated in the myſteries of the black letter, I ſhall, with regret, be compelled to ſubſtitute conjectures (I hope not altogether unworthy the notice of the learned critic), in the place of more poſitive evidence, in the inveſtigation of this very important queſtion.

And here, by noticing the primitive uſe of the handkerchief, and aſcertaining the derivation of the name, we may probably approach pretty near to the truth. Kerchief, the original word was evidently

evidently derived from the French *couvre chef*, and is accordingly ſometimes written by Chaucer * *covrecheif*, and, as its name imports, was merely a head-dreſs. But, to put this point out of all doubt, I ſhall beg leave to quote a paſſage from this father of Engliſh poetry, which, independent of its relation to the preſent enquiry, has ſo much poetical merit, ſo much beauty of imagery, that it would ornament any page, however irrelative it might be to the ſubject: it is in "The Man of Lawe's Tale," where, ſpeaking of the miſerable condition of the fair Lady Conſtance, about to be expoſed with her infant to the mercy of the tempeſtuous ocean, he introduces this beautiful ſtanza:

* Prologue to Cant. Tales, l. 45.

 "Her

" Her litil child lay weping in her arme,
" And kneling pitouſly to him ſhe ſaide,
" Pece, litil ſonne, I woll do the no harme:
" With that the kerchefe off her hede ſhe braide,
" And ore his litil eyin ſhe it laide,
" And in her arme ſhe lullith it full faſt,
" And unto heven her eyin up ſhe caſt."

Now the taking off the kerchief from her head, plainly ſhews the place to which it properly belonged was not the pocket.

To aſcertain the exact ſize, ſhape, and ſituation of the ancient kerchefe, I acknowledge to be a taſk far exceeding my ſlender abilities; nor have any of the ladies of my acquaintance been able to render me the aſſiſtance I expected in this point; for ſo far from having leiſure or inclination to examine into the niceties of the ancient head-dreſs, they declare their whole

whole time to be taken up in adjuſting thoſe of the preſent day to the inexplicable viciſſitudes of faſhion.

The kerchefe then, of which Chaucer ſpeaks, I apprehend to have been fluctuating, both in dimenſions and poſition, though ſo far bounded in the latter reſpect as to keep its ſtation on the head. I ſhould therefore ſuppoſe it to anſwer pretty nearly to the κρηδεμνον of the ancients; which, like the kerchefe of more modern times, was rather an occaſional, than permanent part of the dreſs, as we learn from * Coluthus. But as the ladies of Greece and Troy had ſeveral diſtinct ornaments of the head, all very accurately defined by Mr. Pope, in his

* Αι πλοκαμων κρηδεμνα και ιερα παιγνια χειρων
Πολλακις παιζουσιν ενι ψαμαθοισι λιτυσαι.

note

note on the ſix hundredth line of the twenty-ſecond Iliad; I leave it to the good ſenſe of the reader to determine which of theſe, by a ſlight tranſition, became the kerchefe of Chaucer.

We may, however, with certainty affirm, that in proceſs of time the kerchief deſcended from its lofty ſtation on the acropolis (to uſe the language of Plato), to the iſthmus, where, unwilling to loſe any part of its former denomination, it became the neckerchief; and ſhortly after, from its various uſes, and being always at hand, the handkerchief.

A very ingenious friend has conjectured that pocket-handkerchiefs, as firſt applied to the purpoſe ſpecified at the end of the laſt Section, were not admitted into general uſe till the introduction of ſnuff, an event ſubſequent

to the importation of tobacco, and conſequently poſterior to the diſcovery of America. I beg leave to expreſs my perfect acquieſcence in this opinion, and to obſerve that the word handkerchief, in the preſent acceptation, was only naturalized in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Shakſpeare uſing the old appellation * *napkin* indifferently for it; a term expreſſive of the Latin *ſudarium*, which was intended chiefly for the abſterſion of moiſt particles from the ſkin, and not particularly applied to the noſe: it was alſo a part of the furniture of the head, and not of the pocket, in this reſpect anſwering to the covrecheif of Chaucer.

* I am glad I have found this *napkin*;
This was her firſt remembrance from the Moor.
Othello.

Having

Having thus, as I hope, ſufficiently proved that pocket-handkerchiefs, as now uſed, were unknown in the time of my author, it remains to explain the genuine ſenſe of the paſſage, conſiſtently with the ſuppoſed words of the original. With great deference then, I ſubmit to the learned critic the following conjectural paraphraſtic tranſlation, as conveying the true meaning of this difficult paſſage:

" Mr. Swagger's ſervant ſeeing Mrs. Blunt, immediately *took off his covrecheif, and clapping it under his noſe, unluckily* [*or miſchievouſly*] *dropped one of his maſter's hand bills* [*for the uſe of the family*], *entitled*," *&c.*

To this interpretation perhaps it may be objected, that it was unnatural for

the man to place his bonnet under his nose; but this, though I may allow it to be ungraceful, I can by no means admit to be unnatural; and I appeal to any gentleman who has had much intercourse with the unpoliſhed domeſtics of a country farmer, whether he has not remarked the hat of theſe gentry immediately, when taken from the crown of the head, to be ſtationed under the noſe: upon what principle this is done, whether to ſmell the fragrance of the hayband, which frequently ſurrounds it, or to ſoften the modulation of the voice (for it commonly retains its poſition while the man is ſpeaking) I know not; it is ſufficient for me to aſcertain the fact.

Whether

there might not in this in-
however, be a peculiar pro-
n repreſenting the fellow as
his hat before his face, to con-
neer, which might otherwiſe
trayed his malignity, I leave to
acious reader to determine.

is then it appears that Mrs.
s indignation was juſtly excited
perfidy of a man, who, under
tence of paying her the compli-
f vailing his bonnet, was in fact
iting the greateſt injury againſt
at can be imagined.

er this long diſquiſition, the
ous reader will, I truſt, give me
for not ſuppreſſing the paſſage
ive riſe to it, which, though it
certainly make againſt the au-
city of the hiſtory, were it any

other than an error of the Tranſlator, as thus explained, affords additional credibility, by diſplaying at the ſame time the candour and caution of the Editor.

SECT.

SECT. VI.

THE HISTORY CONTINUED.

THE abrupt diſmiſſion of Swagger's footman, as our Hiſtorian obſerves, was productive of all the commotions which terminated in the final deſtruction of the village.

"What!" exclaimed Dick, "would not Maſter Blunt hear a ſingle argument in favour of opening the road?" "Not a ſyllable," ſays the man; "And moreover he deſires to be teaſed no more with any ſuch ſilly propoſal. I began to explain the nature of impre-

ſcriptable rights, but he did not, or would not underſtand me."

Mr. Swagger had never been remarkable for meekneſs of temper, and the late occurrences in his family had not tended to ſweeten his diſpoſition. He inſtantly therefore vented his ſpleen in wild and incoherent threats againſt Blunt, Rueful, Shifty, and every man who ſhould dare to offend him; finding however but little relief in empty menaces, he took a more effectual way to diſcharge the redundance of his choler, by kicking and cuffing his domeſtics without diſtinction of age or ſex in a moſt furious manner.

Having received golden promiſes, after Mrs. Swagger's death, nothing could equal their ſurpriſe at this unlooked for treatment, but it was too late to complain,

complain, and the wiſer ſort quitted the premiſes without further admonition, while many of them never recovered from the effects of their bruiſes, and were heard of no more.

A few days after Dick had thus purified his houſehold, he aſſembled his remaining domeſtics, "My Lads," ſays he, "I met Solomon Stately yeſterday, we were not more than three hundred yards from each other, he not only did not ſpeak to me, but ſeemed to turn his head another way, I have therefore ſent my footman to upbraid him with his rudeneſs, and tell him to expect no further favours from me. You may therefore break his hedges, milk his cows, ſteal his poultry, and do what you will with his perſon."

"Sir," ſaid one of his Hinds, taking

no notice of Dick's harangue, "I have ever hated all married men, and their wives, and yet here is a fellow who has brought his daughter amongſt us, and ſhe lords it over us, worſe than your honour's lady ever did."

"You are not," replied Dick, "To call me *Honour*, you are to call me *Townſman*, or *Pariſhioner*; as to this trick I ſhall enquire into it: go about your buſineſs."

But his *Honour's* retainers were not ſo eaſily to be diſmiſſed, they inſiſted upon it that he wanted to take another wife, and began to be very clamorous and abuſive. As theſe ſquabbles of envy and jealouſy were not unfrequent, it was Dick's cuſtom to take no part in ſuch debates, but to ſteal away, and let them ſettle the affair to their own ſatis-

faction

faction in his abſence: he failed not however, in the end, to reward the victorious party, be it which it might, ſometimes with a ſhake by the hand, and ſometimes with a good dinner.

Dick all this while lived in an old barn, but as he determined to have a very ſumptuous houſe, he invited all the architects in the kingdom to ſend him plans. One day as he ſtood at his barn door, he ſaw a parcel of patched and ragged fellows coming towards him, and playing their antics to amuſe him. Dick, who happened to be in no very good humour at the time, told them to go about their buſineſs, or he would horſewhip them.

"That," replied one of the merry group, "would be uſing us worſe than John Blunt did, who, though he would

neither give us to eat or drink, ſuffered us to depart in a whole ſkin."

"What!" ſaid Dick haſtily, "Did John Blunt turn you away from his door? Welcome, my good friends, whoever ye are: what can ye do? ye ſhall not want for employment here, and be well paid for it too." "Pariſhioner," replied the ſpokeſman, "we are architects, and will inſtruct you in the art of building ſuch a houſe as ſhall laſt for ever."

"Give me your hand, my good friend," interrupted Dick, "and that pretty cap, (for the fellow had a red flannel night-cap on), it pleaſes me mightily."

"You ſhall have it," quoth the arch wag, "and the coat too, (which was motley,) they will ſuit you to a tittle."

Dick

Dick ſtrutted about, highly delighted with his new dreſs, and declared it was calculated only for a ſingle man. But the cap being rather too ſmall, and Dick's locks very buſhy, and ſome one obſerving that he wore his hair like John Blunt's, Dick ſent in a hurry for the pariſh barber: "Pariſhioner barber," ſaid he, when he came, "take off this *opprobrium* of my head; for a man to be bald it is ſufficient that he wills it."

As Dick aſſociated chiefly with his ſervants, who were perpetually ſquabbling, he ſometimes had the marks of their quarrels inflicted on his own perſon, for not being always able to give them the ſlip on theſe occaſions, he was conſtrained at times, to take part with one ſide or other, and though it was indifferent

different to him which, it ſometimes happened that he joined himſelf to the weaker, and not unfrequently appeared with a black eye, or bloody noſe, as the reward of his indiſcretion. About this time both eyes were ſwelled up in conſequence of ſome family quarrels; this therefore being, as he wiſely remarked, the beſt time for contemplation, he determined to decide upon the plan of his new houſe. A great variety had been preſented to him in conſequence of his general invitation, but Dick was particularly ſtruck with one, which he fixed upon in a moment. According to this, his houſe was to be a perfect rotundo, the rooms being equal and ranged round the ſides, with the ſtaircaſe in the centre. As every apartment would be equally good, Dick obſerved there would be no

quarrelling

quarrelling among his domeſtics for accommodations: his building was loftier than the former, being two ſtories high; but it had no better foundation: each room had a door into the centre, where was the circular ſtaircaſe, which conducted to the range of apartments on the ſecond floor, where each parlour had its correſpondent bedchamber over it. Thus there was no opportunity for diſputes and quarrels, unleſs thoſe going up ſtairs choſe to juſtle thoſe coming down.

Dick had ſome time before quarrelled with Maſter Peter, the parſon of the pariſh, and took that occaſion to deprive him of his Glebe, which he appropriated to his own uſe. He now perſuaded his tenants to ſay that they would gladly be excuſed from the payment

ment of tithes; accordingly, they desired Dick to declare their land tithe-free, which he very willingly did, and then raiſed their rents in proportion to the abatement of their tithes: for Dick took care that all his pranks ſhould tend to his own advantage.

It was at this period, that Dick was ſuppoſed to have formed a connexion with a favourite houſekeeper, who had acquired an unbounded aſcendency over his otherwiſe uncontroulable humours. Having turned off moſt of his domeſtics, and ſupplied their places with her own creatures, ſhe ſuffered no one elſe to approach him; and people went ſo far as to ſay that ſhe even expected to become Mr. Swagger's wife. However this might be, ſhe had him in perfect ſubjection, and oftentimes treated him with

with a harſhneſs and ſeverity, which aſtoniſhed every body. It appeared how low he was now ſunk, and how degraded by this baſe woman, from a circumſtance which happened about this time.

Dick, who was always very buſy in other people's affairs, muſt needs attend a pariſh meeting, which was held at a houſe of public entertainment. The moment he entered, he began a very eloquent ſpeech upon his own good qualities, and the defects of his neighbours; "Pariſhioners," ſaid he, "you now ſee a man before you, the wiſeſt, beſt tempered, moſt valiant, and in fine moſt accompliſhed, of any perſon in the univerſe. Such a one, you are ſure, cannot eſcape envy, accordingly I am traduced as being a bad neighbour, I,

who

who never quarrel with any man, who does not firſt uſe me ill. Thus John Blunt, Reginald Rueful, Samuel Shifty, Francis Fearful, Solomon Stately, and all the over-grown farmers in the pariſh, have already felt the weight of my diſpleaſure, and dare not venture to appear where I am, while on the contrary, all the poor harmleſs cottagers, with honeſt Mark de Goſmanthorpe at their head, acknowledge me not only as a quiet neighbour, but as a very ſingular benefactor. I reſpect the integrity of theſe men, and I will make every one elſe reſpect it. I have been calumniated, Pariſhioners, I have been calumniated," continued Dick with extravagant geſticulations, "even by my own domeſtics, who have reported that I am again going to marry; but let me

declare

declare to you, that I will neither have wife nor miſtreſs, no, nor even friend and companion. The great and glorious actions I perform are not the ſuggeſtions of any one, they are the offspring of my own unbounded mind, the reſult of my own vaſt conceptions. Let that man approach, who ſhall dare to diſapprove of my conduct in the flighteſt degree"—

Juſt as Dick uttered this ſentence in a loud and pompous tone, in came John Blunt, accompanied by Reginald Rueful, and ſome others. John rarely attended on theſe occaſions, but hearing a prodigious clamour, and not knowing whence it aroſe, he entered to preſerve the peace. His preſence was a thunderbolt to Dick, who faltered and ſtammered, and at length proceeded in a much

a much ſofter voice; "I have been accuſed of defrauding parſon Peter of his tithes, but I am not the firſt that has done this, I have only imitated the example of ſome of my neighbours;" (looking full at John Blunt, and pauſing.)

"Gentlemen," ſaid John, "if you have met to conſider the caſe of poor Mr. Peter, I ſhall be glad to do any thing in my power to redreſs his injuries; for though I have had no intercourſe with him for ſome years in conſequence of an old difference, yet be it remembered that I never touched his glebe, nor did I pocket his tithes, but gave them to Maſter Martin my preſent chaplain."

Dick here took the advantage of a ſlight pauſe, "I have been accuſed of getting rid of my wife" ſaid he, "but

there

there are other people in this room, who have ſet me the example; there are other people, who have turned what they acknowledge to be the beſt of wives, out of doors, while I who have been henpecked ever ſince I was married, am not permitted to do what my neighbours have done before me."

"It is remarkable," ſaid John Blunt to Mr. Rueful, "it is remarkable, friend Reginald, how ſtupid ſome people are; if I in a drunken frolic turn my wife out of the houſe, every man is ready to follow my example, and juſtify his conduct by my practice: but he forgets that if he imitate me in my follies, he ſhould alſo imitate me in my repentance. You know, my friend, that I ſhut myſelf up, and eat no dinner, once a year on that account. As for

your

your parting with your wife, it appeared ſhe had another huſband living, and after you ſeparated from her, you married again, and became a domeſtic man and a good neighbour, as all the pariſh can witneſs, and now forſooth, you are to have your gates broken, and hedges deſtroyed, by treſpaſſers, upon the mad plea of an old road, which has however been ſtopped up ever ſince we can remember."

"Virtue," exclaimed Dick, turning to his own circle, "illuſtrious virtue, pariſhioners, is always calumniated and hated by bad men; it is impoſſible in their eyes to do a favour to one perſon without injuring another; if I give a cruſt of bread to a hungry beggar, they would ſay I did wrong not to give it to ſome one elſe; if I gain a paſſage

through

through ſome paltry waſte grounds, for a neighbour, a clamour is raiſed againſt me by wicked men, as if I had done a bad inſtead of a good action. Now I never turned my back upon my ſon, I never quarrelled with a child of mine, nor wanted to defraud him of his money: but away with inſinuations, I am anſwerable to no man for my conduct, I am my own maſter, whatever I chooſe to do, I do it without controul, and my own conſcience approves my deeds. I am free as the air, and wiſh every one elſe were the ſame."

"Come," ſays John Blunt, "we have heard enough Maſter Reginald, let us be going, or Mrs. Blunt's ſupper will be ſpoiled."

"I have no wife to hurry me home, for fear ſupper ſhould be ſpoiled," continued

tinued Dick, leering at John Blunt, "I dread no curtain lecture for diſobeying Madam's commands; if I chooſe it, I will ſup here; and now I think on it, I will have ſome chickens provided, and theſe honeſt pariſhioners ſhall ſtay and partake with me; and now let me ſee the perſon who ſhall dare to controvert my orders."

"That dare I," ſaid a ſtrapping female figure, who entered the room at this moment, "come home you drunken ſot, and don't expoſe your folly to the whole pariſh: you ſup here with your chickens and fine things, truly! come home to your own houſe, and govern your own domeſtics, for they are almoſt above my hands."

With that ſhe gave Dick two or three good thumps upon the back, who ſneaked

ſneaked along, ſaying, "My dear, I will go with you directly, but you know I have already inveſted you with all my authority." After the departure of Swagger and his Trull, the company could not help expreſſing their aſtoniſhment at his conduct. "It is pity," ſaid John Blunt, "that poor creature ſhould "expoſe himſelf ſo, he is certainly "mad."

"He was too much indulged by his parents," replied Reginald; "a proper degree of wholeſome correction would have prevented all theſe follies."

"I ſcarcely think that," rejoined John Blunt, "I have always been indulged myſelf, by all around me, and I truſt I am not the worſe for it."

"That may be," replied his friend, "but all diſpoſitions are not like yours:

what elſe but the want of the rod, can have made Dick Swagger ſo ungovernable?"

"The rod generally does more harm than good," obſerved Blunt, "he is not ungovernable, he crouches ſufficiently to the tyranny of that woman, he has got into fine hands now truly!"

"He will not long continue ſo I think," ſays Reginald, "he will certainly do the woman a miſchief ſhortly."

"It is no matter if he does," added John, "I ſhall have ſome hopes of him, if he gets out of her clutches: but let us go to my houſe, neighbour, to ſupper."

Reginald, it muſt be obſerved, had been pretty ſeverely treated, when a lad, for his obſtinacy and ſtupidity by a certain Pedagogue, who after all could never

never make a ſcholar of him; while honeſt John was always eaſier induced to ſay his leſſon, by kind words, and gingerbread, than by the rod. Each therefore had formed his own peculiar opinion on the ſubject, from the method which had been purſued in his own education, and Reginald, who had in vain ſmarted under the laſh, fooliſhly wiſhed to apply the ſame rough diſcipline to other naughty boys.

SECT. VII.

DIGRESSION III.

On the nature and effects of Flogging.

THE courteous reader will naturally expect ſome notice to be taken of honeſt Simon's obſervation reſpecting the application of the rod, particularly as the queſtion of utility begins now to be a good deal diſcuſſed. I ſhall not, therefore, readily be excuſed, if I do not endeavour to elucidate this point: and as the reader is by this time pretty well acquainted with me, he doubtleſs wiſhes to know the ſentiments of one

whom he perceives to have turned his ſpeculations to ſuch important ſubjects.

And here I muſt again regret that fury of innovation, ſo predominant in the preſent age, when every choice wit is ſo forward with his ſchemes of improvement, that I not only fear the utter annihilation of the rod, but am apprehenſive that the very twigs of which it is compoſed, will in a century or two, be as little known, except to the profound ſcholar, who ſhall have peruſed theſe our lucubrations, as the materials of which the ancient ferula was formed are, to thoſe who have not ſeen the account which Pliny * has left us of that venerable inſtrument of caſtigation.

* In the 13th book of his Natural Hiſtory he thus deſcribes it; Folüs fœniculo, irani caule, natura eadem, quæ anetho, et fructu ſimilis.

The poſition of Friar Simon, I conſider as by no means orthodox, and am apprehenſive, that for ſome of theſe heretical opinions he incurred the cenſure of his prior.

I ſhall therefore examine this queſtion with the ſame coolneſs, candour, impartiality, and method, as I have already done ſome others.

And in the firſt place I apprehend, that they who diſallow the uſe of the rod, object to it upon one of theſe two grounds, either the ſmart occaſioned, or the diſgrace incurred, by the infliction. Now the pain, as I have learned from the teſtimony of very many competent judges, after the operation has been performed a reaſonable number of times, is very inconſiderable, as alſo after the firſt or ſecond exhibition, no inconvenience

nience whatever is felt from the diſgrace.

Moreover the habit which is acquired of enduring pain with firmneſs, is too valuable to be diſregarded. The Spartan boys attained ſuch excellence in this reſpect, that * Plutarch (as a confirmation of the well known ſtory of the fox) informs us he has himſelf beheld ſeveral of them expire under the laſh without a murmur.

Though in this, they might poſſibly excel us (and I ſpeak doubtingly), yet they certainly did not poſſeſs that fortitude in ſuſtaining ignominy which we do. For after the battle of Leuctra,

* και τυτο μεν ηδη απο των νυν εφηβων απιστον εστιν, ως πολλους επι τω βωμω της Ορθιας μαστιγουμενους αποθνησκοντας των πληγων.

Plut. Lycurg.

not only thoſe who ſurvived but their relations were ſo mortified at their defeat, that they had not courage enough remaining to ſhow their faces, but ſkulked about in holes and corners, to avoid the reproaches of the people: a fooliſh kind of timidity effectually removed at our public ſchools.

Squeamiſh ſtomachs are apt to take offence at the part to which the rod is applied, but without any juſt reaſon; for the rendering of that part callous, is (as I have heard) of excellent uſe in forming a good horſeman: an accompliſhment not to be lightly regarded in theſe days of chivalry.

Another very good effect too, is that he who has ſo often expoſed his poſteriors to the view of a whole ſchool, will not be aſhamed of exhibiting his face

in

in the pillory (once in a way) to the whole world; and in theſe tickliſh times, gentlemen of the niceſt honour, and fineſt feelings, have ſometimes occaſion to take their ſtation on that ſtage.

Having adduced the chief arguments in favour of this mode of caſtigation, it will be proper to conſider who are the advocates for it, a circumſtance generally of more weight, than all the proofs which reaſon, unſupported by authority, can pretend to. For, *Mallem equidem cum Platone errare quam cum aliis recte ſentire*, is yet the principle, if not the profeſſion of many.

I would begin with Lycurgus, who eſtabliſhed this diſcipline ſo firmly, that it continued unſhaken till the Spartan republic began to decline: the fall of which may in a great meaſure be at-

tributed to the relaxation of ſo uſeful a ſyſtem, interwoven with, and knit into, the very ſinews of the government.

Orbilius and the whole ſucceſſion of Pedagogues continued this practice, and if Quintilian * ſpeak too ſlightingly of it, let it be recollected that he does Chryſippus the juſtice to mention him as a favourer of this wholeſome ſeverity.

And to deſcend to the moderns, the maſters of all great ſchools, whoſe experience of the utility of this inſtrument, ſhould render their voice deciſive, declare uniformly in favour of the rod. It is true, a gentleman of the name of Locke has ſomewhere in a treatiſe of education ſpoken diſreſpectfully of it,

* Cædi vero diſcentes, quanquam et receptum ſit, et Chryſippus non improbet, minime velim.
Quint. Lib. 1.

but

but he has advanced ſo many odd doctrines of different kinds, now pretty much exploded, that we may juſtly ſet him aſide with Quintilian, as the innovator of his day.

But to render the diſcuſſion more clear, I will, according to the good old cuſtom, divide the ſubject into its conſtituent parts, and conſider flagellation as of two kinds, *prohibitory* and *compulſive*. Prohibitory is inflicted for the commiſſion of crimes, compulſive for the omiſſion of duties. Thus when a boy goes out of bounds, or robs an orchard or a hen rooſt, the correction conſequent upon this is prohibitory; when he omits to write his verſes or his theme, it is compulſive. I ſhould have thought this reaſoning as clear and diſtinct, as that of Ariſtotle or Plato, but to my utter ſur-

priſe found it impugned by one of my beſt friends, who inſiſted that the flogging awarded to a lad for being out of bounds, was compulſive, being applied to compel him to keep within the aſſigned limits. But to this I can no ways aſſent, but appeal to the world in juſtification of my ſtatement: for the offence is not the being abſent from an aſſigned place, but preſent in a prohibited place. Thus if you could conceive the boy to be annihilated for a moment, he would, in that caſe, be out of bounds, but I humbly preſume, and I hope for the concurrence of my reader in this ſentiment, that he would not juſtly incur any puniſhment upon his reſtoration.

Or again, to make the matter ſtill clearer, if we ſuppoſe his bounded ſtation

to

to be divided into a given number of equal ſquares, his abſence from any one ſingly and disjunctively not being an offence, I muſt with ſubmiſſion maintain that his abſence from all cumulatively and collectively, cannot alſo be an offence, by virtue of that ſound axiom in logic, *Totum identificari cum partibus omnibus collectim ſumptis.* His high crime and miſdemeanor therefore in this inſtance, is his unauthoriſed preſence in a prohibited place, and conſequently the puniſhment inflicted in this caſe is ſtrictly prohibitory.

Now, I believe, a great majority of writers, and even the incorrigible Mr. Locke himſelf, permit the prohibitory flagellation; though, as far as they can, they diſcountenance the compulſive, and think it impoſſible to flog boys into

poets,

poets, orators, or ſtateſmen; not recollecting that Horace, Juvenal, Milton, and many others, too tedious here to enumerate, exhibit irrefragable proofs of the virtue and efficacy of the rod in forming poets; nor conſidering that the preſent cuſtom of thwarting, worrying, and calumniating (a ſort of intellectual flagellation, far more painful than the ſevereſt corporal diſcipline, hitherto admitted into our public ſchools), has ſharpened the wit and invigorated the genius of many a modern orator and ſtateſman.

A certain obſcure author talks of the *humiliating and immodeſt uſe of the rod*; but I boldly maintain that not only the inſtrument, but the part to which it is applied, or to ſpeak logically, the *ſubſtance* and the *ſubject*, the beſt poſſible

for

for the purpoſe intended in the compulſive ſpecies.

For, firſt, the inſtrument compoſed of twigs, like the Roman faſces, and of the birch-tree, from which exudes a wine of a moſt delicate flavour, is very aptly contrived for inſtilling a poetical delirium; and ſecondly, being applied to the breech, in its progreſs to the head, to which place all vinous vapours naturally aſcend, will take the heart in its paſſage, and produce a very genuine defluxion of poetry from the brain. Indeed boys who would otherwiſe never dream of verſifying, by this mode of treatment become very tolerable poets, particularly in the Greek and Latin languages, and far exceed their own and their friends expectations.

Before

Before concluding this ſhort eſſay, which I truſt will lay the controverſy aſleep, by demoliſhing every opponent of the rod, I muſt ſuggeſt an improvement in this art, entirely of my own invention, which conſiſts in varying the materials of which the caſtigatory inſtrument is compoſed, as circumſtances may require. Thus birch ſerves well enough for the common purpoſes; but, if we would have a lyric poet, vine branches would be moſt likely to inſpire the ode; and with theſe, I am perſuaded, Horace was ſcourged by Orbilius. Nettles I ſhould apply when I wiſhed for ſmart and pungent ſatire; of theſe Juvenal had probably a plentiful doſe, and Horace alſo a ſlight infuſion. Laurel would help the epic poet; and I have nearly aſcertained

that

that a branch of this tree was kept at the buttery-hatch of Chriſt's College, for the uſe of Milton.

Laſtly, the ſages of India transfuſed knowledge into the mind by a mechanical operation, not very diſſimilar from that of flogging; and the late Sir William Jones has preſerved the *Mohadmudgara*, or mallet of the ignorant, a very curious inſtrument, wherewith *the holy, devout, and proſperous Saucar Acharya* hammered inſtruction into the brains of his pupils.

Having thus, with great labour and pains, condenſed into a very ſmall compaſs all that is to be ſaid upon this ſubject, I ſhall now proceed, with my wonted alacrity, to conduct the impatient reader forward on his pleaſant and inſtructive journey.

SECT.

SECT. VIII.

THE HISTORY CONTINUED.

WE left Mr. Blunt, and his neighbour Reginald, enjoying the peace and comfort of a family ſupper, while poor Richard (for he was really to be pitied) was driven to his new houſe by the fiery termagant, who came to fetch him home, and who kept deſcanting all the while upon the advantages he enjoyed over married men; and telling him, that as he knew the ſweets of liberty, ſhe hoped he would never debaſe himſelf again, and ſacrifice his preſent happineſs by marrying; that he was now two thouſand

thouſand years wiſer than the reſt of his neighbours; that he had neither wife to plague him, nor parſon to cheat him; that his land was tithe free, and his conſcience unmoleſted; that he had nothing to do but to keep his houſe in repair, in which important charge ſhe would herſelf aſſiſt him.

While they were engaged in this pleaſant diſcourſe, chatting arm in arm, they lifted up their eyes, and beheld—Oh woeful ſight!—every window in Dick's new houſe broken into ſhatters! The woman ſtormed like a fury, and ſaid this was entirely owing to Dick's neglecting his domeſtic affairs, and embroiling himſelf with his neighbours. All the ſervants were turned away, as being themſelves the guilty perſons; though they proteſted it was a parcel

of

of drunken men who had committed this outrage. Dick ſaid he was ſure they were inſtigated by John Blunt: however, his governeſs thought proper to place Mr. Swagger himſelf in the ſtocks, on account of his negligence, where ſhe left him to his night's repoſe.

Dick obtained his enfranchiſement in the morning, upon promiſing to diſcover the offenders: to effect which he took a very curious method; for, going into the town, ſtreets, and lanes, he bawled out—"O rare news, my boys! bravo, lads! who will go home with me and get drunk at my expence?—Follow me, my hearts, follow me!"

Having thus collected a pretty numerous rabble, and taken them into the great barn, he called his doxy, and told her he had ſecured the offenders.

"Pariſh-

" Pariſhioners," ſaid he, " a horrible plot has been formed to demoliſh my houſe; my windows have been broken, and thoſe who could have perpetrated ſuch an outrage muſt needs have been intoxicated. Now as you have all ſignified your readineſs to get drunk, and deprive yourſelves of your rational faculties, it is highly probable that you are the very perſons who committed theſe exceſſes, accordingly it is my intention to puniſh you for the ſame."

All their proteſtations of innocence made no more impreſſion upon Dick than upon a deaf man: ſome he whipped, ſome he ducked in his horſe-pond, ſome he ſet in the ſtocks, ſome he ſhut up in a dark hole, and finally diſpoſed of them all, according to his own extravagant

travagant fancy, with the approbation of his governeſs.

This lady took care to remove every perſon who was likely to gain any aſcendency over Swagger, even ſome of thoſe who had done him the greateſt ſervices were not barely diſmiſſed, but ſeverely puniſhed.

Dick had been very ſucceſsful in pillaging his neighbours; he had actually gotten poſſeſſion of ſome of their beſt eſtates, turned out their tenants, and put in ſome of his own creatures in their ſtead; to avoid this, ſome took part againſt their landlords, and were rewarded for their treachery by being allowed to keep poſſeſſion of their farms. Thus, by degrees, Dick became the richeſt man in the pariſh.

To

To keep up his popularity, which was very great with the poor people, he uſed to give large entertainments; on theſe occaſions he amuſed the company with the hiſtory of his exploits, and with inflated panegyrics on his own excellencies. This ſtratagem effected wonders; for even ſome of John Blunt's ſervants and labourers began to deſcant in praiſe of ſingle men, and wanted him to turn his wife out of doors again; but John knew too well, by ſad experience, and the example of his neighbour, the woeful conſequence of ſuch a ſtep, and therefore proceeded with great ſharpneſs againſt the diſcontented; ſome of whom went over to Dick Swagger, who received them very cordially, employed them for a little while, and then treated them ſo roughly

that

that they wiſhed themſelves well in their old place again.

Dick now gave a ſplendid feaſt to his domeſtics, upon which occaſion he was in high glee, and great good humour; he applauded every thing on the table: "Theſe chickens," ſaid he, "are excellent, I deſire my beſt thanks may be given to the cook for her care in dreſſing them; and to the perſon, whoever it was, that fed them. This beef is roaſted to a nicety, I never taſted any thing ſo admirable. Theſe tarts are delightful; in fine, whoever cooked this dinner, has deſerved well of her maſter."

It muſt be obſerved that Madam Governeſs had had no hand in preparing this feaſt, and therefore was eaten up with envy to hear Dick laviſh his encomiums

comiums upon others; at laſt, being no longer able to contain herſelf, ſhe exclaimed—" I wonder, Mr. Swagger, you ſhould expoſe yourſelf ſo; every perſon can diſcover the excellence of your dinner without the aſſiſtance of your eloquence. Your fowls are as tough as whitleather, your beef like carrion, your tarts as heavy as lead: I will go this inſtant and turn away all the cooks employed in it."

Dick, inſtead of ſubmitting with his uſual puſillanimity, was become pot-valiant; he inſiſted upon it that ſhe ſhould not interfere in his domeſtic concerns, and upon her attempting to go out of the room, he laid hold of her gown, to prevent her: not being uſed to contradiction, ſhe gave Dick a violent ſlap on the face, which made the

blood guſh out of his noſe very abundantly; but this, inſtead of quieting him, as ſhe expected, only irritated him the more, ſo that he returned the compliment with great fury; in fine, the ſquabble became general, in the courſe of which the lady received an unlucky blow on the back of the neck, which brought her ſenſeleſs to the ground; ſeveral more got badly wounded, and Dick, who was tired of being under her controul, was glad to get rid of his tyrant by this event. In fact every one rejoiced at the end of this old termagant, who had made herſelf many enemies by the violence and ferocity of her temper.

Dick was very fond of theſe ſocial feaſts, as he called them; he had always been uſed to a plum pudding every

every Sunday, till his hard-hearted female governed his houſe, who would not allow him one oftener than once in ten days; Dick ſubmitted to the innovation, and after ſeveral ineffectual ſtruggles, was never able to regain his old privilege.

After Dick became his own man again, as he termed it, his old friend, Ephraim Steady, ſent to congratulate him, obſerving that they were now both ſingle men, and as ſuch naturally friends; that they had both been under petticoat-government (Ephraim to his mother, and Dick to his wife), and therefore they knew how to pity one another.

Dick replied, that he had firſt learned to be his own maſter from Ephraim, and that he ſhould find him worthy of

his teacher; that he would ſet an illuſ-
trious example to his own pariſh, and
he truſted Ephraim would do the ſame
to his; and that they two would be ce-
lebrated throughout the univerſe.

Dick at this time took an opportu-
nity, when he was little expected, to
ſlip into Reginald Rueful's houſe, put-
ting his wife and many of the ſervants
to the rout; as for Mrs. Rueful, ſhe fled
with precipitation to her friend Mrs.
Blunt. Dick however took poſſeſſion,
and Reginald, making a virtue of ne-
ceſſity, received him very courteouſly,
promiſed to keep a bachelor's table,
and hoped to have Dick, or ſome of his
family, conſtantly with him. Swagger
ſaid he ſhould frequently pay him a viſit,
and exhorted him to break off his inti-
macy with that worthleſs fellow John
Blunt.

Blunt. "You ſee," ſaid Dick, "he takes in your runaway wife, and let him maintain her, it will ſave you a fine expence, for ſhe has been an extravagant one."

"Aye," quoth Reginald, "but ſhe has carried off moſt of my ready money, and all her own trinkets."

"Never mind that," rejoined Dick, "let all go together; don't waſte your labour in attempting to recover them—the firſt expence is the leaſt, take my word for it."

In three days time, Mr. Samuel Shifty and Dick made up matters; they met together to talk over their grievances, and finding they were both loſers, Sam, who was reckoned rather ſtingy, made up the quarrel to ſave expence, gave up Mrs. Rueful's (his couſin's) cauſe, and promiſed to be

good friends with Dick in future, provided he might keep his own wife.

To which Dick replied, that though he was no friend to women, he would not only agree to what was requeſted, but would even pull his hat off to Mrs. Shifty whenever he met her.

This pleaſed Mrs. Shifty's vanity exceedingly, that one who talked ſo much againſt the ſex in general, ſhould pay her this particular compliment, ſo that ſhe inſtigated her huſband to come into all Dick's propoſals. She ſtill, however, kept up an intercourſe with Mrs. Blunt, told her the eſteem ſhe had for her was not a whit diminiſhed; but that Mr. Swagger had been ſo civil and ſo polite, it was not poſſible to live in enmity with him any longer; and that indeed her huſband had ſomething elſe

to

to do with his money, than to waſte it in ſuch idle diſputes, which were more expenſive than Mrs. Blunt was aware of.

John and his wife ſmiled at this affected apology, which they knew was merely an excuſe, as they had themſelves made Mrs. Shifty ſome very handſome preſents, to repair the damages ſuſtained in broken gates and hedges, the effects of Dick's depredations.

After all his numerous alterations, Dick was not yet ſatisfied with his houſe, which, under each of its various forms, he had ſo often pronounced to be a paragon of art. He ſaid he would have different floors for the young and the old, who were apt to interfere with each other; and he would not ſuffer ſuch a crew of raggamuffins to occupy

his apartments; he would in future employ none but reputable ſervants, like John Blunt's. Nor could he, for his life, get the plan of John's houſe out of his head: he proteſted he would have a dining-room as big as his rival's great hall, and of the ſame architecture. Before Dick's fever, he had always much admired the excellent contrivance of this edifice, and had declared that the height of his ambition was to erect one like it: in the time of his Governeſs he had mightily abuſed the ſame ſtructure; ſaid it was only fit for ſuch a low, groveling fellow as the owner, and that he would have one upon a different principle. When Dick, therefore, began to raiſe his new building, the party-coloured gentleman, who harboured a particular ſpite againſt John Blunt,

inveighed

inveighed moſt bitterly againſt it; but Dick, who had formerly looked upon him as an oracle, now paid no attention to what he ſaid, for he was ſo verſatile that the ſame perſon was ſeldom a favourite long together.

Dick now entertained hopes again of re-eſtabliſhing his weekly plum-pudding, but after all could not effect it.

"Let other perſons," ſaid his adviſer, "have their particular reſpects and partialities for the numbers *three* and *ſeven*, but while they are thus honoured by the reſt of the world, be it your province, great Swagger, to take under your patronage and protection, neglected, hapleſs, number *five*, the emblem of juſtice, that myſterious number of Pythagoras and Plato, whoſe virtues none but the initiated under-

ſtand; to you is this number juſtly appropriated—to you, who have hitherto made it your practice,

"Parcere ſubjectis et debellare ſuperbos."

If Dick was doubtful before, the names of Pythagoras and Plato, with the application of the line from Virgil, convinced him; for though he did not comprehend a ſyllable of what had been ſaid, the mere ſound of Latin had ſuch charms, that Dick, who fancied himſelf ſometimes Brutus, ſometimes Mutius Scœvola, or other illuſtrious patriot, inſtantly exclaimed—"It is determined, ſay no more, *five* is the word, I will have a plum-pudding every fifth day."

"That,

"That cannot be," replied his adviſer, "every ſeventh day is too often; your ſervants would be ſpoiled were they to have a holiday every fifth; by eſtabliſhing it every tenth, you pay double honour to number five. But your houſe ſhall have five fronts; it ſhall be a regular pentagon, terminating like your preſent with a cupola, and ſtaircaſe in the centre: the firſt floor ſhall be for the younger part of your domeſtics; the ſecond, for the old ones. You ſhall have a houſe-maid, dairy-maid, laundry-maid, nurſe-maid, and cook, who ſhall each have one ſide of the pentagon under her own particular care: they ſhall be under the controul of no houſekeeper, but each ſit at the top of the table in the ſervants' hall, for ten days, by turns."

"I like all this vaſtly well," ſaid Dick; "but I don't ſee what I have to do with a nurſe-maid, who have no young children."

"That is nothing," replied the adviſer, "we muſt give them names, and ſhe will help to make up the number five."

Dick now began to follow John Blunt's example, in ſuppreſſing, as far as he was able, all caballing and junketing among his ſervants, to this end he reſolved to diſcharge half of them; but they determined to retain their places; and though they allowed him to pull down his preſent houſe, they inſiſted upon having ſpacious apartments, with proper accommodations allotted them in his new ſtructure. Dick bullied and bluſtered for ſome time,

time, but at laſt, as was uſual with him, gave up the point.

At the ſame time he took Solomon Stately into his favour, allowing him alſo to keep his wife; but he did not treat him with quite ſo much civility as Shifty, but uſed ſometimes to domineer a little; however Solomon and his wife took it very patiently, not being able to better themſelves. He alſo extended his forgiveneſs to certain offending cottagers, but took Frank Fearful's farm into his own hands.

At length the new houſe was completed; but his various expences keeping Dick very poor, he had not money enough to pay his workmen; accordingly he one day thus laconically addreſſed them:—

" Pariſh-

" Pariſhioners, I ſhall have a great deal of money ſhortly, in the mean time you muſt live upon my promiſe of payment."

Though they murmured a little, Dick was peremptory, and they durſt ſay no more.

After this, he addreſſed himſelf to his tenants, ſervants, labourers, and retainers of every deſcription, " Now, my lads," ſays he, " I want money, and money I will have; you muſt every one lend me ſomething."

It was in vain that they ſaid they had nothing. " Don't tell me," replied he, " if you have none you muſt borrow, for I will be ſerved: and another thing I muſt tell you, I'll have no meeting together to talk the affair over forſooth;

if

if I find you in conſultation, I'll have you all pilloried."

"Why bleſs me," exclaimed one of them, "did not you ſay what a tyrant John Blunt was, not to let his folks have a little innocent chat together? and now you act in the ſame way."

"I don't mind that," quoth Dick; "John's a ſhrewd fellow, and in this inſtance I ſhall follow his example."

The epidemical fever of the pariſh, or perhaps the evacuations conſequent upon it, had reduced Mr. Blunt to a very weak and languid ſtate, ſo that finding his affairs in a very perplexed ſituation, and his health, though improving, being ſtill precarious, he not unwillingly agreed to an interview with Mr. Swagger, who had equally exhauſted himſelf by his riotous and intemperate

temperate conduct. As there was little cordiality between them, no great hopes were entertained of a perfect reconciliation, and though each had ſuffered ſeverely, both in mind and purſe, by the conteſt, neither ſeemed anxious to terminate it.

At laſt all intercourſe was broken off by a very whimſical and ludicrous occurrence. John Blunt happened to have ſome fine yellow lillies growing by the parlour windows where they met to adjuſt their quarrel, which he had procured many years before from Mr. Swagger's gardener. Dick pretended that the ſmell of theſe made his head ache, and deſired John Blunt to extirpate them before they proceeded to buſineſs. John made it a point of honour, not to let Swagger dictate to him

in the cultivation of his garden. He therefore obſerved, that this was a favourite flower of his wife's; and added, that ſuch captious antipathies in the commencement, promiſed no favourable termination of the affair. Dick huffed and bounced mightily at this, and ſaid, as there was ſo little diſpoſition to oblige him in ſuch a trifle, it would be ſuperfluous to waſte time on more material points. He therefore took his hat, and flung out of the houſe without more words.

After this he took an odd freak into his head, to go into the neighbouring cottages under the pretence of paying a friendly viſit.

"Well, Miſtreſs," he would ſay, "you live very comfortably;—why you have got a nice ſilver ſpoon there."

"Yes,

" Yes, your Honour," ſays the good houſewife, " I have half-a-dozen of them; they were left me by my poor grandmother, and I would not loſe them for the world."

" I proteſt," replies Dick, " they are the very ſame pattern as ſome I have at home. I have not ſufficient for my large family, and I would gladly purchaſe theſe of you, and give you a good price for them."

" Ah! bleſs your honour," anſwered the woman, " I would not part with them for a mint of money."

" Well," ſays Dick, " it is pity they ſhould be ſeparated, let us look at them." Then putting them into his pocket, " I declare," continues he, " theſe are the very ſpoons which were ſtolen from our family many years ago.

Your

Your ſervant, Madam; ſo I have found my ſpoons. You would not ſell them truly for a mint of money: you were not aware of my coming, or you would have hid them, I ſuppoſe: now I ſhall put them in my plate cloſet, and there is an end; but if you complain, or ſay a word about the matter, I'll hang you up for a thief."

In vain did the poor woman remonſtrate, Dick carried off the ſpoons in triumph.

The next day he goes to another; "Now, neighbour," ſays he, "what nice little curioſities have you in your houſe?"

The woman, who had heard of Dick's pranks, replied ſhe had nothing of the kind. "Well," quoth he, "you have got ſome good, bright, pewter plates however;

however;—here, boy," calling to his lad, "take theſe home."

"Touch them at your peril," ſays the woman; "they are mine, and I have paid for them."

"That is nothing," replies Dick; "you have ſpoken diſreſpectfully of me, behind my back. Beſides, I want furniture for my new houſe, and I ſhall make every body give me ſomething in an honeſt way. You may think yourſelf well off that I leave you your cottage."

Anon Dick went to another: "Tom," ſays he, "I am come for thoſe apples, I think they are ready for gathering, and I want them now."

"But I don't mean to ſell them," ſaid the cottager.

"Nor

"Nor I to buy them," replied Dick; "but I want them, and I ſhall take them. You have done me many an ill office, in company with John Blunt, and I do you a great favour not to pull your houſe down; which I ſhall do, however, if you make any reſiſtance to my taking the apples."

After Dick had thus pilfered from all his neighbours that he could, he boaſted that his houſe was better furniſhed than any one in the pariſh.

However Dick completely diſcovered his villany ſhortly after; for not content with plundering the little cottagers, his neighbours, he actually took away the whole property of Mark de Goſmanthorpe, my grandfather's grandfather, and divided it with Frank Fearful.

Thus

Thus he who had ſo often aſſured my poor great-great-grandfather that he would not ſuffer the meaneſt perſon in the pariſh to be wronged, and had given him particular aſſurances of his friendſhip, was the very man to cheat him of his whole ſubſtance, and leave him deſtitute. Nor can I forgive Frank Fearful, for thus partaking with Swagger in the ſpoils of iniquity. I muſt remark that our family was the very oldeſt in the village, and had been once the richeſt and moſt powerful; but in proceſs of time, by neglect and bad neighbours, loſt the greateſt part of their poſſeſſions.

Poor Mark had always been a very ſhy and reſerved man, and of late had not interfered in any of his neighbours ſquabbles, as he found that he ever-

came

came off with the worſt; but all his precaution ſignified nothing, and the only pretence Dick made for uſing him thus, was his being preſent at a bull-baiting, with which John Blunt amuſed his neighbours. It muſt be remarked that this was a favourite amuſement of John's, and that Dick gave him the nickname of John Bull on this account, a name which he retained ever after.

Though poor Mark de Goſmanthorpe was a widower, Dick ſwore he was under petticoat-government, and that he was ſuperannuated, and therefore it was right to take his eſtate away, and place it in the hands of thoſe who could manage it better. My poor grandmother, who kept his houſe,

houſe, was upon this turned adrif being then a young woman, and a good a creature as ever was born Our family never recovered this di after.

SECT

SECT. IX.

DIGRESSION IV.

On the origin, decline, and advantages of Bull-baiting.

I HAVE remarked one peculiarity in our hiſtorian; whether it were the taſte of the times in which he lived, or the ſingular turn of his genius, I know not, but he is very ſparing of epiſodes; *ſemper ad eventum feſtinat.*

Bull-baiting, a late ſubject for academical prizes, and which has been elſewhere ſo ably diſcuſſed, is paſſed over in two lines. But as I have a good deal

ſtudied the theory of this ſublime amuſement, which is now, I am ſorry to ſay, fallen much into diſuſe, I ſhall endeavour very briefly to ſhow the high antiquity, and great utility of this very manly and rational recreation.

The firſt bulls of any note, that I find mentioned, are thoſe of Colchos, with brazen hoofs, and lungs of fire. The race of theſe is now unhappily extinct, or they would have afforded admirable paſtime in theſe days.

The Romans, however, who are looked upon as patterns for imitation in every reſpect, were obliged to content themſelves with the ordinary kind. Theſe they baited (not being very correct in the ſcience) ſometimes with lions, and ſometimes with elephants: but I am informed that your true ſportſ-

man

man never baits his bull with any thing but dogs, or men, and the latter probably of that ſpecies who have a little ſmack of the *cynocephali* in them.

By the Romans this pleaſant amuſement was introduced into Britain, though ſome antiquaries give it a much higher origin, and ſuppoſe it to have been well known at the court of King Brute.

However as I am unwilling to advance any thing without the moſt unqueſtionable authority, I ſhall not contend for any greater antiquity than about eighteen hundred years, which we may ſafely aſſign to this now, alas! almoſt obſolete paſtime. For the inhabitants of this iſland, who have been repreſented as the laſt to invent, though the firſt to improve what others have in-

vented, very ſoon reduced the heavy and irregular ſpectacles of their Maſters, the Romans, into ſettled form and order, by baniſhing the elephant, rhinoceros, and other unwieldy animals, from the field, and allotting ſuch a juſt and ſufficient portion of dogs to each bull (due conſideration being had to his ſize and ſtrength,) as ſhould afford the greateſt poſſible quantity of ſport.

But the taſte of our Roman monarchs being ſomewhat depraved, this admirable diverſion loſt much of its dignity, by being conſigned to the care of the vulgar, while the rich and noble transferred all their attention to beaſts of chaſe. This perhaps may be the reaſon why Friar Simon ſays ſo little on the ſubject, who being, as we may obſerve, though poor, a gentleman of high

high blood, would naturally turn his pen from any thing (however in itſelf noble) that was relinquiſhed by thoſe of his rank to their inferiors. Or it may be, the ſenſe of the injury his family had ſuſtained by partaking of this very ſport, had ſharpened his mind ſo much againſt it, that he could not endure to dwell on this topic.

However, we may obſerve that ſome of the wiſeſt, and moſt warlike of the Barons took great delight in beholding feats of this nature. For we read that, "William Earle Warenn, ſtanding up- "on his caſtle walls in Stamford, view- "ing the fair proſpect of the river and "meadowes under the ſame, ſaw two "bulls fighting for a cow. A butcher "of the towne, the owner of one of "theſe bulls, with a great maſtiffe dog,

" accidentally coming by, ſet his dog
" upon his owne bull; who forced the
" ſame bull up into the towne, which
" no ſooner was come within the ſame,
" but all the butchers' dogs, both great
" and ſmall, followed in the purſuit of
" the bull, which (by this time made
" ſtarke mad with the noiſe of the
" people, and the fierceneſſe of the dogs)
" ran over man, woman, and child that
" ſtood in the way. This cauſed all
" the butchers and others in the towne
" to riſe up as it were in a tumult, mak-
" ing ſuch a hideous noiſe that the ſound
" thereof came into the caſtle into the
" eares of Earle Warenn, who preſently
" thereupon mounted on horſeback,
" and rid into the town to ſee the buſi-
" neſs; which then appearing (to his
" humour very delightful) he gave all
" thoſe

" thoſe meadows in which the two bulls " were at firſt found fighting (which we " now call the caſtle meadows,) perpe- " tually as a common to the butchers of " the town, (after the firſt graſs is " eaten,) to keepe their cattle in, till " the time of ſlaughter: upon this con- " dition, that as upon that day on " which this ſport firſt began, (which " was, as I ſaid before, the day ſix " weeks before Chriſtmas,) the butchers " of the towne ſhould, from time to " time, yearly for ever, find a mad bull " for the continuance of that ſport.*"

Now as this happened in the reign of King John, at a place not more than forty miles diſtant from Simon's

* Butcher's Survey and Antiquitie of the Towne of Stamford, annexed to Peck's Annals of Stamford. Chap. 11. p. 25.

priory, he muſt of courſe have been well acquainted with the circumſtance, which gave birth to a cuſtom now I fear growing into diſuſe, to the great ſorrow and vexation of many of his Majeſty's liege ſubjects reſident in that town and neighbourhood.

Nor is this exercitation confined to this kingdom, for the inhabitants of Spain and Portugal, with much greater parade, though to my thinking, in a manner not altogether ſo legitimate or ſportſman-like, deſtroy vaſt numbers of bulls, horſes, dogs, and even men.

But at this point the ſubject naturally ſtarts that awkward queſtion, which ſo often ſtrikes the orator dumb; *Cui bono?* To which I am prepared very boldly to anſwer, Infinite.

To apply it to our preſent exigencies:

The

The dogs which are trained to this ſport might very eaſily be inſtructed to turn their fury againſt our enemies, and thus put a ſpeedy termination to the war, ſo long protracted by the obſtinacy of our foes. We know that the Spaniards found theſe animals very uſeful auxiliaries in their laudable efforts to convert the natives of America to Chriſtianity; and I am perſuaded, if we would try, we ſhould find them as courageous, and not leſs faithful than our other allies have been, in ſubduing our preſent unreaſonable opponents, nor would they require to be remunerated at the end of the war, by the ceſſion of any large tract of country, for their ſervices. The iſland that goes by their name, might be appropriated to the uſe of thoſe of their fraternity, who ſhould have be-

haved themſelves handſomely in the ſervice; allotting at the ſame time accommodations of no great coſt or oſtentation to the officers appointed to attend them.

And even when we ſhall have conquered our enemies, and reſtored peace to the world, other advantages will ſtill be derived from the practice of theſe gymnaſtic exhibitions; for the fleſh of the bulls deſtroyed on theſe occaſions, would afford a high treat to many of the ſpectators, who thus would be enabled to feaſt firſt their eyes and then their ſtomachs: while the dogs who unhappily fall in the combat, would not only leave their ſkins behind them, for the emolument of their owners, but, if they have fought bravely, their portion of reputation after death would alſo

devolve

devolve upon their maſter as the true heir:

But why do I inſult the patient reader, by dwelling upon theſe minute benefits, which will naturally preſent themſelves by files and phalanxes to his heated imagination? Let us obſerve the glory, the ardour, the energy of the nation, inflamed by theſe thrice noble ſpectacles. Where is the man who can fight the enemies of his country ſo well as he who has been the conſtant attendant on theſe exhibitions? The very ſmell of a bull's carcaſe infuſes courage; and a ſufficient portion taken into the ſtomach either boiled or roaſted (eſpecially if diluted with copious draughts of good ſtrong beer,) incites to more heroic deeds, than any other ſtimulant I am acquainted with.

I have it from unqueſtionable authority, and I doubt not but my reader knows the ſame, that the Nottinghamſhire butchers cut down more rebels in 1746, than any other equal body of men in the army. How many whoſe hearts beat high, are inſtigated at ſuch feſtivals to ſnatch up a muſket, in defence of their king and country? And how is the ardour of thoſe already embarked in this honourable ſervice, rekindled by the ſpectacle? Should they find no enemies to engage, they will even attack friends, and thus diſcharge the overflowings of that valour, which (like the fermenting ſpirit of new malt liquor) would otherwiſe burſt the veſſel that contains it.

Let me no more hear of the ear-piercing fife, or heart-ſtirring drum; they

they are nothing, even combined, to the baying of dogs and bellowing of bulls. The very thought diffuſes a kind of enthuſiaſm, which inſpires my pen. But to check theſe pleaſing emotions, and draw ſome uſeful practical inferences (as is my cuſtom,) from theſe my lucubrations; I would, on this occaſion, humbly ſuggeſt to thoſe whom it may concern, that it would tend greatly to the advancement of his Majeſty's ſervice, and the protection of his liege ſubjects, if each regiment had two or three bulls attached to it, for the ſolace and recreation of the ſoldiers compoſing ſuch regiment, and for inſpiring and cheriſhing warlike thoughts when they ſhall happen to be remote from the enemy, and likely to ſink into the baneful arms of ſloth.

I need

I need not remark how many would in this caſe be prevented from deſerting, and what numbers would leave the inglorious occupations of hoeing turnips, or planting potatoes, to become gentlemen and ſportſmen.

I muſt further add, that as we are now upon an exceeding friendly footing with her moſt faithful majeſty, we might, by a new treaty, ſtipulate for a certain number of our ſoldiers, ſent to guard her Majeſty's dominions, being admitted gratis to the bull feaſts, ſo frequent in that happy kingdom. We ſhould thus be enabled to counteract the deſperate valour of the Spaniards in their own way. But this I only mention by the bye, leaving the ſcheme to be ripened by wiſer heads than mine.

And

And having thus diſcharged my conſcience of this weighty buſineſs, the reader and I will proceed with our accuſtomed good-humour in this pithy narrative of Friar Simon's, ſo pregnant of inſtruction in itſelf, and ſo productive of profitable ſuggeſtion in me its editor.

SECT. X.

THE HISTORY CONCLUDED.

WHAT delights did our Hero Swagger now promiſe himſelf, his buildings finiſhed, his eſtabliſhment of ſervants completely arranged (though Mrs. Suſan, whom he had firſt pitched upon, refuſed the important charge of nurſe maid), and a ſupernumerary favourite, one Mrs. Patty, at his elbow, ready to execute all his ſchemes!

This lady, whom Dick uſed to call his bonny Patty, was a flirting, pompous huſſey, very active in her maſter's ſervice, and one who took care to give no offence

fence to any of his five maids; but cunning and ſly, deceitful and treacherous. She called with a paper of ſweetmeats, upon honeſt Mark de Goſmanthorpe, who, poor man! ſuſpected no harm, giving him at the ſame time the ſtrongeſt aſſurances of reſpect and friendſhip from Swagger, at the very moment Dick's banditti were breaking into his houſe, and ſeizing upon his whole property, which was afterwards divided with Frank Fearful.

John Blunt being now almoſt the only perſon in the pariſh, who would not crouch to Dick, he turned the whole ſtream of his rage againſt poor John; nor was his flaunting favourite Pat wanting on this occaſion, who, with her terrible, high-flown threats, frighted all the

the women and children in Mr. Blunt's family.

John availed himself of this happy circumstance to recruit his finances, already exhausted by the expence of continually watching Swagger's motions, and counteracting his projects. Taking the advantage therefore of the consternation in his family, he introduced into the curious circular apartment, where he kept his strong box, certain fortunetellers, who, by casting figures, and other mystic processes of their secret arts, discovered to him those of his dependants, who had any spare money by them. To these John applied himself, and persuaded them, that to give him up a handsome portion of their property, was the only way to preserve the remainder from the talons of Dick Swagger.

ger. By this manœuvre he effectually repleniſhed his coffers, without incurring the odium which accompanied all Dick's violent proceedings.

Having ſucceeded ſo well in this reſpect, he was perfectly eaſy in every other: "How can this fooliſh woman, or her maſter," he would ſay, "hurt me? Is not my houſe moated round? I don't value all their bluſtering of a ruſh." "Don't tell me of his moat," ſaid Dick, when he heard it, "I will make a large pair of wings, and Pat and I will fly over his moat, in at his windows, or down his chimney."

However ridiculous Dick's rodomontade might ſound to ſober ears, thoſe who had once been in his clutches trembled ſufficiently at theſe menaces for ſome he deprived of all their property,

perty, as was the caſe with my poor anceſtor: others he pillaged more mercifully, only pulling down their houſes, and building one like his own with five fronts, thus he ſerved Reginald Rueful; and even his neighbour Freeman, for whom he ever profeſſed an inviolable friendſhip, and of whom he had ſpoken in terms of the higheſt reſpect, was, through mere wantonneſs, compelled to pull down his old manſion, and erect another with five ſides. In ſhort the pentagon was the only faſhion, and Dick, who before declared no one ſhould have ſuch a houſe as himſelf, now inſiſted upon every one copying his model.

But though Dick was ſo buſy with his neighbours' houſes, his own underwent ſcarce fewer alterations than theirs: for he chopped and changed his

his ſervants in ſuch a manner, that at laſt he met with a ſet who kept him as completely under hatches as his old Doxy. It was always obſerved that Dick, who bullied and bluſtered ſo much abroad, was as rank a coward at home as poſſible, and three of his females took the whole management of Dick and his family into their own hands. They defaced his new houſe moſt miſerably, blocked up his windows, ſtopped up his doors, and entirely altered the appearance, and ſpoiled the uniformity of the edifice.

"I am ſurpriſed," ſaid Dick one day to a friend who had called upon him, "that John Blunt ſhould be ſuch a poor puſillanimous creature, he is entirely governed by his wife and his ſteward; his wife takes upon her to appoint half his

ſervants,

ſervants, and the ſteward hires a good parcel of the reſt, though John fancies he does it all himſelf. Now here am I ſitting, who engaged a whole tribe of labourers the other day, without permitting any body to interpoſe. I keep all in my family to their duty, every one knows his place: I hire all my own ſervants myſelf, and do not ſuffer them to interfere with one another. There is not a houſe ſo well managed in the whole town, and all becauſe I have thrown off petticoat government."

While Dick was deſcanting in this way, his five maids came bluſtering into the room, "Here are fine doings truly with theſe labourers you have hired," ſaid one; "however I have ſent half of them away."

"I never ſuffer any to be turned off, with-

without a reaſon," quoth Dick pompouſly.

"Reaſon!" added another, "why there was reaſon enough; you had hired a pack of rogues that either could not or would not work; beſide we have reaſon to think they had a ſcheme in their heads to make you marry; they had a wife ready for you."

"I would have taken care of that," replied Dick.

"You can ſcarce keep yourſelf out of fire and water," rejoined a third, "and would have been married long ago, if it had not been for us: however you are pretty ſafe now, for we have turned the greateſt part of thoſe vagabonds away, and hired others for you."

"Well," ſays Dick, "you are very good to take ſuch care of me; I dare

ſay

ſay you had a reaſon for what you have done. I was deceived by thoſe fellows, and the wiſeſt you know may be deceived."

His friend now took his leave, wondering in his own mind that Dick ſhould think himſelf ſo much more his own maſter than John Blunt.

Mrs. Patty about this time undertook another ſcheme. Pat was a ſhrewd baggage, but had ſo high an opinion of herſelf, that ſhe thought nobody in the world could come up to her. She had done Dick good ſervice, in ſome of his pilfering expeditions, but ſhe always ſpoke of her exploits in ſuch bombaſt and inflated terms, as diſguſted every one but her maſter, who thought her eloquence very ſublime. If ſhe climbed over a ſtile, ſhe deſcribed it as if ſhe had

ſcaled

ſcaled a mountain; if ſhe jumped over a ditch, you would have thought, by her own account, that ſhe had ſwam acroſs the Helleſpont. In ſhort, this jade had uſed herſelf to talk ſo magnificently, that ſhe at length thought ſhe could accompliſh any thing. Accordingly, though ſhe threatened to make a great pair of wings, and fly over with Dick to worry John Blunt, ſhe in fact undertook to execute a project little leſs wild and viſionary; for ſhe was actually prevailed upon to traverſe the fens in purſuit of an old man's geeſe. Pat, after wading ancle deep in water, arrived ſafely at her journey's end. When ſhe ſaw the old man, who had a long beard, and ſpoke better Welch than Engliſh, ſhe told him ſhe came to pay him a viſit from the renowned Mr. Swagger, who

wiſhed to be his particular friend; that ſhe had quarrelled with Parſon Peter, and that ſhe really liked his pariſh Prieſt better than any ſhe ever heard; that ſhe came for a few of his geeſe, hearing he was overſtocked, and that they would be very uſeful to her maſter.

The old man anſwered roughly that he had none to ſpare; but Pat ſaid if ſhe could not have them by fair means, ſhe would take them by foul.

Some wry words paſſed between them upon this, and the old man being very infirm, Pat had the advantage; but ſeeing ſome of John Blunt's people coming to his aſſiſtance (for John was very alert now), ſhe ſcampered away; but was ſo bemired and bedraggled in paſſing through ſloughs and bogs, that it was a heart breaking to all who ſaw her.

her. However, after many hazards and hardſhips, the vixen got back again (though without her geeſe) quite unexpectedly, to Dick Swagger's houſe.

During her abſence, ſome of Ephraim Steady's ſheep being in a lane which was ſuppoſed common to all parties, Swagger, in his uſual manner, regardleſs of their old intimacy, ordered them all to be pounded.

Ephraim, who was remarkably calm on all occaſions, came himſelf to remonſtrate with Dick upon the ſubject. When he reached the houſe, he was received by a ſmart flippant maid, who, before ſhe informed her maſter of his arrival, entered into a great deal of converſation with him. "Sit down, good Sir," ſaid ſhe, "and make yourſelf welcome; you have had a long

walk, and muſt be tired. Your's is a very thriving town, I underſtand, with a number of good toy-ſhops. Pray, Sir, have you any ſilver thimbles in your pariſh?—I am, at this time, a good deal diſtreſſed for one. You could not be ſo kind as to procure me one, I am afraid."

"O!" replies Ephraim, "I know nothing of ſilver thimbles, not I; but I ſuppoſe there are plenty of ſhops where you may buy them."

"Dear Sir, I never bought one in my life; I always found men enow ready to give me them, but one does not chooſe to accept them from every body; though to be ſure they are a mighty genteel, pretty preſent, and if you choſe to offer one, I don't know that one could refuſe ſuch a ſweet gentleman

tleman as you ſeem to be," ſaid the girl, ogling him, and dropping a courteſy.

" As to that, child," anſwered Ephraim, " I am ſo little in the way of women and thimbles, that I ſhould make ſome blunder, and buy one either too little or too big, ſo that perhaps you could not wear it after all. Theſe things are quite out of my way; but do, my good girl, tell your maſter I am waiting to ſpeak with him."

" If it did not fit me, Sir," replied the damſel, " I ſhould always value it as a keep-ſake from you; indeed I don't think I ſhould ever find in my heart to wear it."

" Well, well," ſays Ephraim, " no more of this foolery now, but away to thy maſter; I am in a hurry."

" In a hurry, quotha !" repeated the maid, in a muttering voice ; " but you ſhall wait long enough, I can aſſure you."

In about two hours ſhe returned to Ephraim ; " Really, Sir," ſays ſhe, " I have been all this time perſuading my maſter to come down and ſpeak to you ; but he has been lately ſo much teaſed with impertinent fellows dunning him for money, that he has determined to ſee no perſon who has not a ſum to pay him."

" Why," ſays Ephraim, " as I owe him nothing, I of courſe can have nothing to pay him."

" Well, Sir," cried the maid, " but you could make him a preſent ; or at leaſt you could lend him a trifle ; he would

would take it as a great kindneſs, I am ſure."

"A pretty ſtory, truly," replied Ephraim; "ſo I muſt borrow myſelf to lend my neighbours."

"O la! Sir," rejoined the other, "it can't be ſuppoſed that ſuch a gentleman as you walks about with an empty purſe; that would really be very paltry."

"And what then?" ſubjoined Ephraim.

"Why you know, Sir," ſays the damſel, "you could leave the contents," courteſying again, "under my maſter's care."

"But then, you know, I muſt walk home with an empty purſe, my dear; and that would really be very paltry," replied Ephraim, mimicking her.

"Well," ſays the lady, reddening, "my maſter can't be interrupted now, Sir; ſo you may e'en go back as you came."

"Very well," replied Ephraim, as he went, "if I can get no redreſs by fair words and amicable methods, I know what courſe to purſue."

"A poor, mean ſpirited wretch!" exclaimed the maid after he was gone; "but it could not be expected he would draw his purſe-ſtrings for the maſter, when he would not give a poor, paltry, trifling ſilver thimble to the maid. An unmannerly lout! who had not even the grace to ſnatch a kiſs from me, when I did all in my power to provoke him to it. But you ſingle men, now-a-days, are not what they uſed to be; I proteſt, I would rather live with John

Blunt,

Blunt, than ſuch a cold-livered raſcal as Ephraim."

Another cottage, belonging to an old widow woman, called poor Jenny, now became the object of Dick's caprice; he perſuaded her and her children that they wiſhed to be taken into his family; but though they excuſed themſelves as well as they could, their excuſes availed nothing. Dick proteſted it was their modeſty that made them ſhy, he knew they were anxious to live in his houſe, and he would therefore oblige them by taking them home with him, and pulling down their cottage, which was an eyeſore to him.

Dick was alſo buſied at the ſame time in carrying on an intrigue with a ſiſter of John Blunt; but John luckily found it out, and had addreſs enough to prevail

prevail upon the lady to give up houſe-keeping, and board with him.

Sam Shifty now began to ſhow ſome coldneſs towards Dick; it was thought he did not much like his taking every thing in the pariſh into his own hands: as Dick, however, was not ready for him yet, and meant to reſerve him, as the Cyclops did Ulyſſes, to devour laſt, he ſent Sue over to him, who coaxed and wheedled him ſo, that he fell aſleep and forgot all his diſcontent.

But all Dick's ſchemes were fruſtrated by John Blunt, who ſuddenly ſtruck up a friendſhip with Tom Terrible, whom he prevailed upon to take his maſtiff with him, and fall upon Swagger in his own houſe. Tom accordingly ſet out, and lighting upon Dick at a little diſtance from home, the

the maſtiff leaped upon him with great fury, threw him down, and almoſt worried him; but Frank Fearful coming up at the time to aſſiſt Terrible, the dog, not knowing friend from foe, ſuddenly turned round, growled moſt dreadfully, flew in his face, and almoſt ſnapped Frank's noſe off. A ſquabble upon this enſued between the parties, and bonny Patty coming very unexpectedly out of the fens to her maſter's aſſiſtance, Tom ſullenly returned home with his maſtiff, ſwearing all the way at Fearful, Blunt, Swagger, and every one he met.

After this exploit, Pat joining with Sue, who had lately become one of Dick's five maids, they fairly turned the other four out of doors, diſmiſſed the reſt of the domeſtics, pulled down his

his houſe, which they ſaid was too big for him, and built him a triangular wooden ſhed, with neither door nor window.

Pat then ſent a card with her compliments to Mrs. Blunt, informing her that ſhe was now companion to Mr. Swagger, and wiſhing to be upon friendly terms with her neighbours, would be happy to receive a viſit from Mrs. Blunt, or any of her family. Mr. Blunt was highly offended, that a lady of eaſy virtue ſhould preſume to take the liberty of writing to his wife; he therefore returned a very tart anſwer, which Pat took very patiently, for at the bottom ſhe was a good-natured laſs.

Whether Dick would have married her, or what would have been the end of this buſineſs it is impoſſible to ſay, as

it

it was just at this time that our late moſt gracious Sovereign, King William the Conqueror exterminated the village to plant his New Foreſt. The townſmen had offended him, by not doing ſuit and ſervice; and Swagger's outrageous behaviour had given him ſo much umbrage, that he determined to remove all the inhabitants, and deſtroy their town.

Dick's family, for he had many children of one kind or other, were ſcattered all over England. John Blunt procured a place at Court, but finding the air to diſagree with his conſtitution, he retired into the country, where his poſterity is now chiefly to be found. He was ſucceeded by Solomon Stately, whoſe deſcendants yet flouriſh in the precincts of the Palace, in the loweſt offices

offices of which, they keep up all their ancient dignity of deportment.

The reſt of the neighbours were diſperſed in different places; and the poor Goſmanthorpes (of whom I am the laſt remaining heir) being reduced to beggary, I was placed in this Convent, by the friendly offices of our late good Prior, where I hope to ſpend the ſhort reſidue of my life, detached from that troubleſome world, in which our family ſuffered ſo much.

THE END.

Printed by BUNNEY and GOLD, Shoe Lane.